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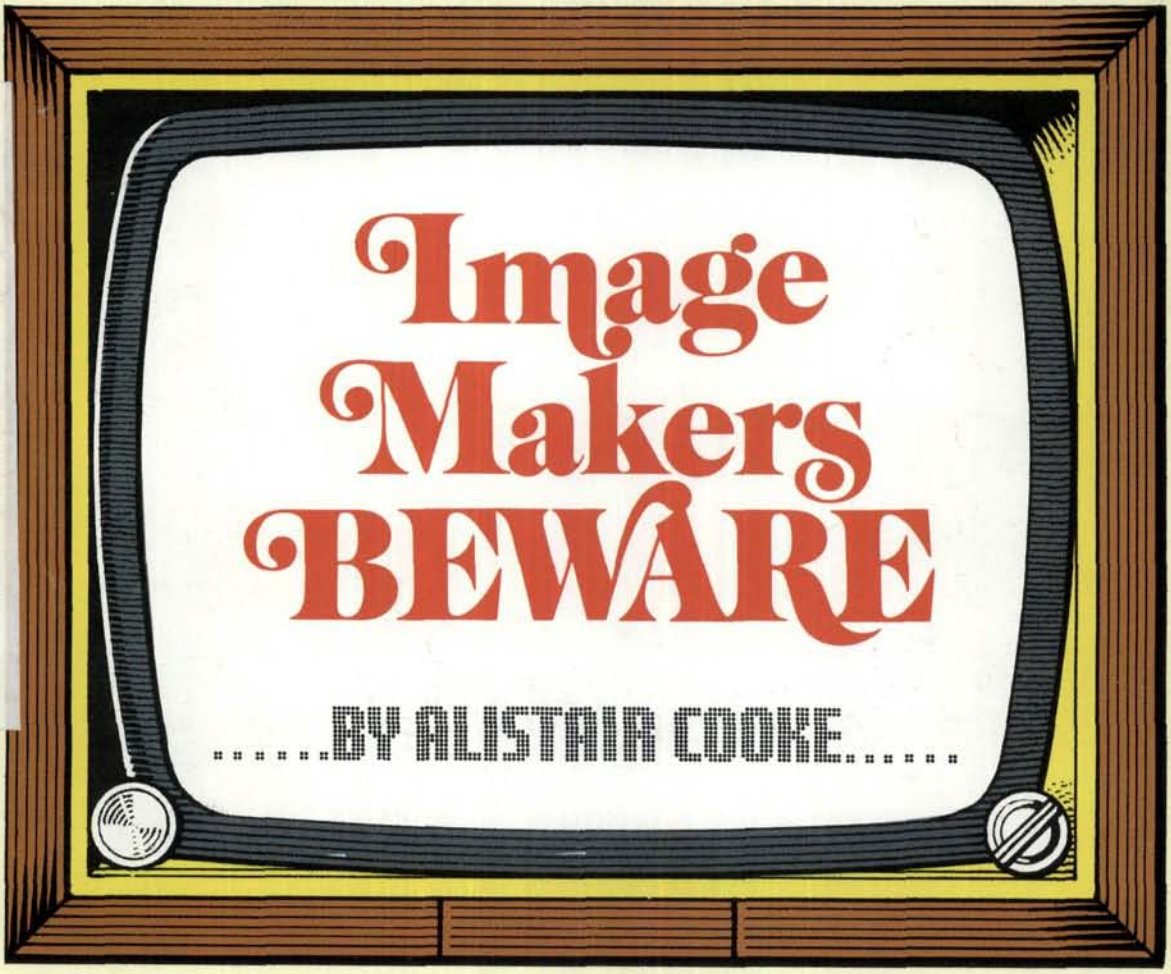
OCTOBER 20, 1970

Black Nationalism Is Here to Stay
–see page 1102

NATIONAL REVIEW



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From Chile to Peru... An Easy Flight

By Selden Rodman

Also In This Issue: **Frank Meyer on Garry Wills, Wm. A. Rusher on Goldwater's latest • Anthony Harrigan on the newest whizkiddery for the Pentagon • Plus Rickenbacker, Vivas, Davenport, Buckley**

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I-10 at Pensacola, Fla.

The plot against highway users

If you own a car or operate a truck, beware. Someone is planning to take you for a ride . . . deprive you of something you are paying for. It's the plot to pirate the Highway Trust Fund to subsidize non-highway transportation interests.

This would be taking money motorists and truck owners in all parts of the country are paying for safer highways nation-wide, and spending it to relieve local transportation problems of a few metropolitan areas.

Since cars outnumber trucks by 6 to 1, the motorists have by far the greater stake in the future of the superhighway program.

Congress created the Trust Fund expressly to finance the 41,000-mile Interstate and Defense Highway System. Every penny of the billions paid into it comes from special taxes on trucks and private cars. (Of these taxes, 84 million motorists pay about 55% and the farmers, tradesmen and carriers who operate trucks and buses pay about 45%.)

If Interstate Highway funds are made available for local projects, you'll be paying highway use taxes for something you can't use and won't get. You won't be getting what you were promised when the taxes were levied — the safety and other benefits modern highways provide.

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my almost perfect way to beat inflation

Donald I. Rogers is a nationally celebrated financial advisor. Former financial editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, Mr. Rogers is the author of several books on personal finance. His latest is *How to Beat Inflation by USING It.*

IN SAN FRANCISCO, a junior high school history teacher who earned $13,000 last year spent $300.00 for a brand new kitchen stove. ***I know a way she could have saved at least $270.00.***

An electrical engineer in Atlanta is taking a summer vacation in Europe. It will cost him $1,275.00. I know a way he could have had just as blissful a vacation . . . and come out way ahead to boot.

A Westport, Conn., sales executive lost his $50,000-a-year job because he accidentally missed paying a $714.88 bill promptly. ***I know a simple way he could have saved his job and his credit rating.***

A Dallas ad salesman decided to buy a $5,000 car the day before the Dow Jones average slipped below 700. ***I could have shown him how to enjoy a new car . . . and laugh at recession/inflation headaches at the same time.***

No, I don't claim to be some kind of financial "magician." But in my years of financial counseling through good times and bad, I've picked up quite a few ideas on handling money, and holding on to it. And now I'm ready to pass these ideas on to you:

- For instance, I can show you some perfectly legal and ethical ways of using other people's money to stay afloat. (Read pages 98-107 of my new book, *How to Beat Inflation by USING It.*)
- Did you know you can actually use inflation to inflate *your own assets*? (Chapter 9 shows you how to go about it.)
- Are credit cards burning a hole in your pocket? (I show you in Chapter 4 how important it is for you to safeguard your credit rating, and how to make it work extra hard for you right now.)
- Do you know how the well-heeled manage to keep one jump ahead of inflation? And the mistakes many of them are making right now? (Those "rich" but anxious people in the mansion on the hill ought to read pages 127-133.)
- Do you know how the modern housewife can fight inflation? (Pages 146-156 lay out the weapons and show Mrs. America how to come out ahead, even as prices climb still higher.)

You see, there *is* a lot you can do about inflation. No need to surrender to it. Even as you read these words, there are folks riding the inflationary spiral safely. They're actually getting richer every year. That's because they know about tested ideas that I now make available to you.

Of course, not *every* anti-inflation trick can work for everyone. That's why I call my method *almost* perfect. But I've tried to make inflation-fighting as easy as possible for *you*. I've poured hundreds of money-stretching ideas into my book, and all you have to do is to select those that meet your needs. You're sure to come across one good one on almost every page.

Here's an idea. As you flip through *How to Beat Inflation by USING It*, keep a piece of paper handy. Jot down each idea you plan to use, along with how much you can expect to save on it over the next 12 months. You'll be amazed at the hundreds of extra dollars you'll get to keep for yourself. In fact, my publisher has agreed to GUARANTEE it. See the one-year money-back guarantee below!

Watch for tips like these:

DEFENSIVE BUYING AT THE SUPERMARKET. How to time your buying and anticipate bargains. How to recognize overpricing. Shrewd buying tips that supermarket men themselves use.

SHELTER FOR YOURSELF . . . AND YOUR HARD-EARNED MONEY. Five things to do – and the one thing you must *not* do when you are out to buy a home. How to *invest in a home while you're still paying rent for an apartment!*

HIPPIES, HIGH FASHION, AND THE STYLE REVOLT. No matter how conservative you are, here's how you can profit from one hippie way of life. *Harnessing the power of contrary thinking.*

WHICH CAR FOR YOU IN THIS TIME OF INFLATION? What's really better – a 15-year-old Chevy or a brand-new foreign job? What you *don't* know about the manufacturer's service warranty. Is a Hertz Ford a good idea?

SECOND-INCOME IDEAS. A part-time hobby that brings in $1,300 a year to a woman in Torrance, Calif. An $11 investment that yielded a lazy man $88 last year. A dying skill you can learn in one month. Last year's earnings for one man working part-time: $3,000.

EXTRA: A whole year's supply of inflation-beating charts built right into your copy. I designed these so you can *see* – easily – how much extra money you're putting away every month.

Inflation: before you can beat it, you have to know what it is.

My book shows you how to beat inflation by USING it. But I wanted to give you more for your money. So I also explain the sickness of inflation in easy-to-take language. I tell the dramatic stories of some people I know to show you what inflation is doing to people who deserve better. I show what's behind these high prices, and how *you* can help.

Stealing Dreams from the Elderly. Are you nearing retirement? Are you supporting retired parents? Then you know you can't bank on pensions, the way you thought you could. Can we do anything to end the inflation nightmare for men and women who can't work any longer?

Government – Cure or Curse? Just who is going to pay for all those fancy Washington remedies?

Credit Cards, Computers, and the Faceless Slanderer. Have you ever been dunned for non-payment of a *non-debt*? It's funny to read about a haywire computer sending bills without reason, but *do you know what can happen if you don't pay those bills?*

10 Sins of Inflation. Bernard Baruch's secret joke. 5 quick-relief remedies – and some sober words of caution.

If you're tired of being whipsawed between high prices and tight money, why not be one of the canny few who come out ahead, no matter what? People who know how to handle money are well on the road to security and serenity. I give you the secrets by which these successful money managers are able to prosper. And I show you how to search out the many opportunities that still exist for *using* inflation to *save* money.

After all, it's your money. Why shouldn't you get $1.20 worth of value for every dollar you work so hard for?

Sincerely,

Donald I. Rogers

"He looks upon the inflationary spiral as a rideable bronco and lays down the rules for this type of rodeo . . . tells when and how to be cheap and gives advice on how to cut the cost of living . . . highly readable and makes good sense."
– Walter Trohan, *Chicago Tribune*

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If you're not absolutely delighted, send the book back anytime *up to one year from now* and you'll still get a prompt refund in full! Mail $6.95 to your bookseller or: Arlington House, Publishers, 81 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801.

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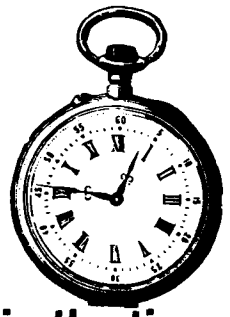

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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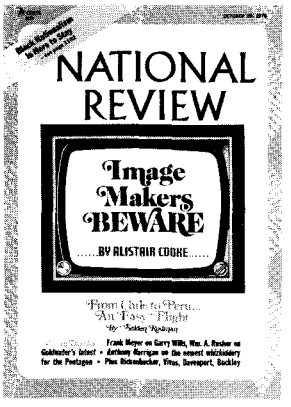
IN THIS ISSUE

■ We lead off with **Alistair Cooke**'s prediction that maybe, just maybe, those image-makers have had their day—so far as packaging and peddling politicians is concerned, at any rate. Mr. Cooke's own image—Englishman who knows more about America than most Americans—is entirely self-made. For two decades he has dwelt among us, interpreting America intelligently and honestly (if rather liberally) to the readers of the *Manchester Guardian* and the audience of the BBC, which broadcast the talk here reprinted. . . . In his second dispatch from South America, **Selden Rodman** finds the generals who took over Peru to be doing exactly what they promised: building a state "neither capitalist nor Communist." They'll welcome capitalists' investment dollars to help things along. In a future issue, Mr. Rodman reports from Bolivia. . . . All the talk about reorganizing the Pentagon gives **Anthony Harrigan** a funny feeling of *déjà vu*, right back to the days of Robert McNamara. Mr. Harrigan, long a crack reporter and now executive vice president of the Southern States Industrial Council, is a specialist on defense and security issues. . . . By cable, by plane, by taxi driver came **Taki Theodoracopulos'** dispatches; they add up to an eyewitness account of the latest flareup in Jordan by a reporter very much on the move. This is Mr. Theodoracopulos' debut as NATIONAL REVIEW's Athens-based Mediterranean correspondent.



■ Black nationalism, concludes **James Burnham**, is here to stay. . . . As is **Nika Standen Hazelton**, whose new hip is working very nicely, thank you, nicely enough to take her through a Wagner marathon at Bayreuth (which will be outshone by the party she's throwing to celebrate *NR*'s fifteenth anniversary). . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** presents two indestructibles, Abba Eban and Al Capp, and reminds us just what it means to say "America is moving right."

■ Garry Wills' Great Leap from conservatism to revolutionary radicalism has puzzled and disturbed many on the Right. **Frank Meyer** is unpuzzled but deeply disturbed by the newest manifestation, Wills' book about, more or less, Richard Nixon. . . . **Eliseo Vivas**, who reviews a heavyweight book by John Lukacs part of which appeared in these pages (Aug. 11), retired recently from teaching philosophy at Northwestern—to teach philosophy at Rockford College. . . . For Beethoven's birthday, pianist **William F. Rickenbacker** reveals that he's mad about Ludwig but only to a point, down with the Battle Symphony et al. *From Father to Son*, a collection of letters from Captain Eddie Rickenbacker to son Bill, has just been published.

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1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales:	7,798	7,500
2. Mail subscriptions:	102,555	104,199
c) Total paid circulation:	110,353	111,699
d) Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means:	1,586	1,350
e) Total distribution (Sum of c and d)	111,939	113,049
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) William A. Rusher
Publisher

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FOR THE RECORD

■ How go the races with just three weeks until Election Day? First poll in Connecticut (*Hartford Times*) shows Democrat **Joseph Duffey**, the peace-ADA candidate, slightly ahead. Duffey got 29 per cent, Republican **Lowell Weicker**, 25 per cent, independent **Tom Dodd**, 19 per cent, with 27 per cent undecided. . . . Don't believe the poll, say columnists **Evans** and **Novak** whose own soundings show Duffey not winning over blue-collar voters he must get. . . . In Calinia, **Reagan** pulling way from **Unruh**. He went up three points in last poll while Unruh dropped back nine points. Some pros are predicting Reagan may beat Unruh by over one million votes. . . . He's been endorsed by *Los Angeles Examiner* and *San Francisco Chronicle*, both of which were against four years ago. . . . Could pull **George Murphy** in with him, but that race (Murphy *v.* **Tunney**) is still neck and neck. . . . Murphy, and **Ralph Smith** of Illinois, got largest donations from Sen. **John Tower**'s senatorial campaign committee because, explained Tower, the Republican Party thinks their seats can be saved, given the funds. . . . Also neck and neck, the race between Congressman **Richard Roudebush** and Senator **Vance Hartke** in Indiana, with Hartke possibly a fraction ahead. Roudebush running hard campaign, right down the conservative line after wishy-washy start. . . . Big guns moving into New York. Sen. **McGovern** was there last week campaigning for Democratic senatorial candidate **Richard Ottinger**, **Eugene McCarthy** also has spoken for both Ottinger and **Goldberg**. . . . According to *Washington Post*, Sen. **Charles Percy** made an "anxious call" to **Charles Goodell** the day after **Agnew** appeared at a **Buckley** fund-raising lunch in New York asking if there was anything he could do to help. Percy (in Illinois, conservatives have already formed a Committee to Chuck Chuck), and other outstanding Republican liberals in the Senate, **Edward Brooke**, **Mark Hatfield**, **Charles Mathias**, are closing ranks behind Goodell.

■ Other congressional races of interest: Massachusetts, where **Howard Phillips**, one of the original founders of YAF, is running against Democratic Rep. **Michael Harrington**. . . . West Virginia, where conservative radio newsman **Ken**

Doll is running a tough campaign against Rep. **Robert Mollohan**, the Democratic union candidate. . . . California, where **James Kuhn** has taken on another Democrat with strong labor support, Rep. **Lionel van Deerlin**. Kuhn, is given outside chance of defeating van Deerlin if Reagan runs as strongly as it now seems he will.

■ Big hoopla a fortnight ago when **Eldridge Cleaver** set up international headquarters of Black Panthers in Algiers. Cleaver took over roomy ten-room building that had housed National Liberation Front of South Vietnam earlier; was welcomed to it by an official of **Boumedienne**'s government. Cleaver is just back from Hanoi, Pyongyang, Peking, and scheduled to make speaking tour of West Germany later this month. . . . In Bangkok, Thai officials announce they have turned down an offer by Col. **Michael Hoare**—the famous Congo mercenary—to bring in a five-thousand-man army of mercenaries to help fight Communist guerrillas. There have been reports that other white mercenaries had offered their services to the Cambodian government and been turned down.

■ Positive action: **YAF** has distributed a quarter of a million blank light blue buttons around the campuses. Purpose: wear them and indicate that you are a student who opposes demonstrations and disruption. . . . In addition, YAF national secretary **Ronald Docksai** says 85 lawyers have been lined up who will file injunctions or damage suits on behalf of students who want to keep the schools open this year.

■ **Herbert Marcuse**, who believes that repression is okay so long as he and his pals are the repressors, claim repression has "intensified" under the **Nixon** Administration. About Spiro Agnew? "You can't take the man seriously," says Marcuse. . . . **Charles Garry**, **Bobby Seale**'s attorney, charges foul. He says Internal Revenue check of his income tax is "government harassment." Not so, says IRS, Garry's name was one of eighty thousand turned up to be checked by a computer (a racist computer?). . . . Bobby Seale's new book, *Seize the Time*, has been banned in advance of publication in **Jamaica** because it advocates black power (Jamaica's government is black, and doesn't want its people to get any revolutionary ideas). . . . England rocked by three-hour BBC re-enactment of **Chicago Seven** trial. The revolutionists were cast as heroes, judge as inquisitorial oppressor. Net impact: America has gone fascist.

■ British aplomb: A London judge has freed **Allen Farrant** who was arrested in in a cemetery with a flashlight, crucifix and stake. He was, Farrant explained, hunting vampires. The judge, finding no ordinance against vampire hunting, let him go.

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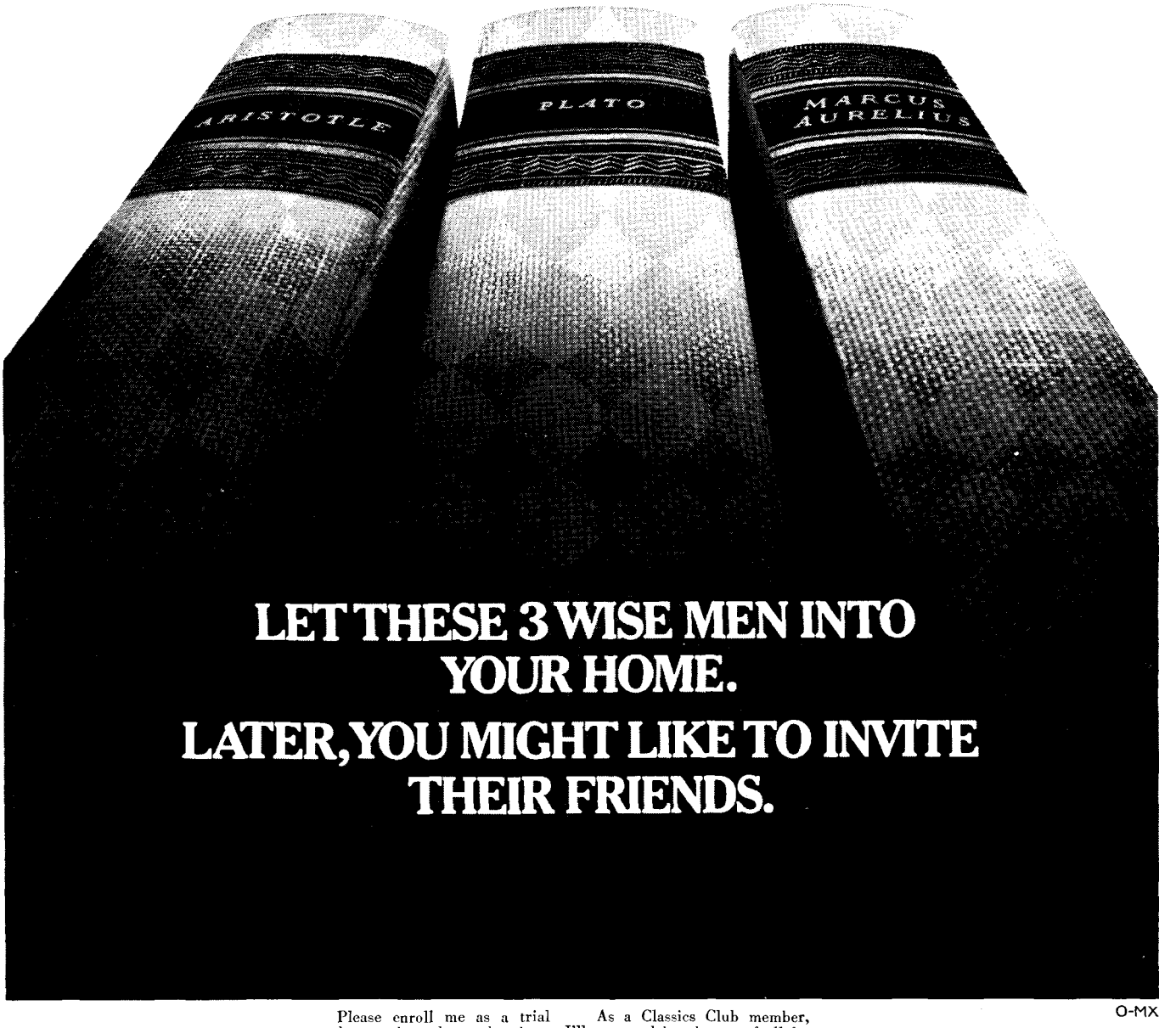

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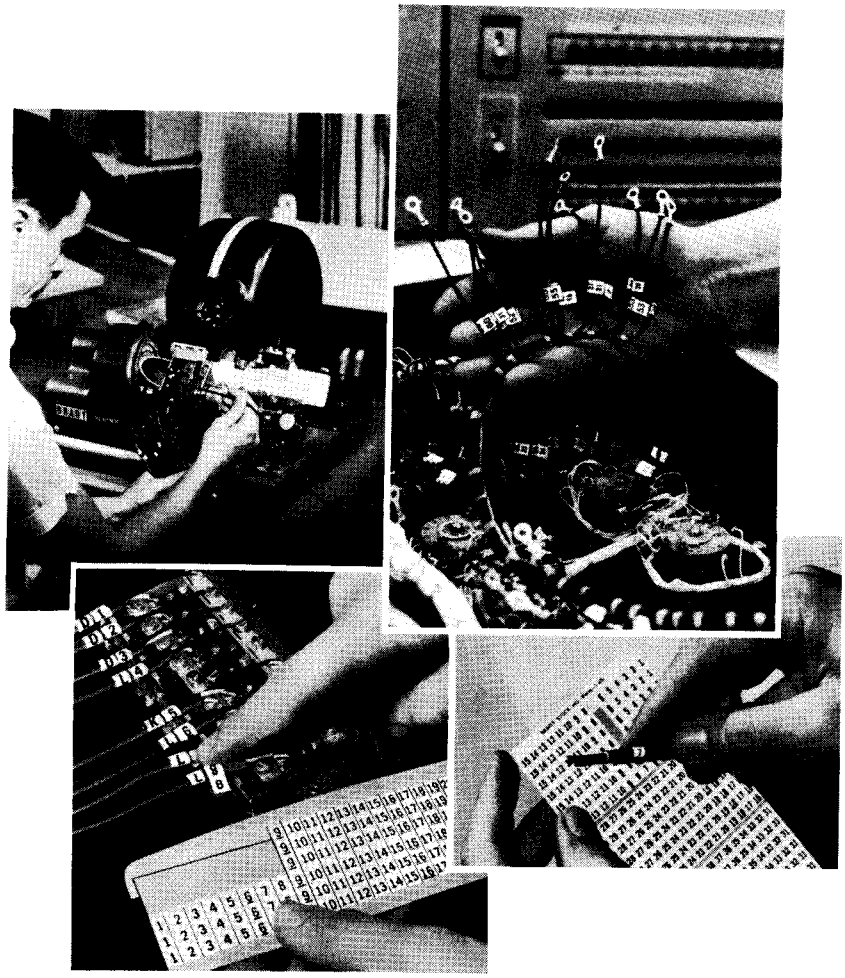

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LETTERS

More on 'Lighght'

NATIONAL REVIEW published a letter [Sept. 22] from Mr. Michael Straight, Acting Chairman of the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities, concerning the payment of $750 for Aram Saroyan's one-word poem "lighght." Mr. Straight's letter misses the point as I have already communicated to him.

Mr. George Plimpton, who was the sole director of the $50,000 a year *American Literary Anthology* program, did tell a member of my staff that my "middle-American background made me unqualified to understand" that poem. The key issue here seems to be whether a grantee such as Mr. Plimpton falls under the category of an "official" of the Foundation.

From the hundreds of letters I have received from around the country, no one has been able to reveal why this "literary effort" was awarded $750—$500 to the author and $250 to the original publisher of the piece. The American people are demanding during these critical times that their tax dollars be prudently spent for the welfare of the greater number of citizens.

It is interesting to note that you were not given the complete "straighght" story concerning the *American Literary Anthology*. The Foundation has quietly dropped its financial support of the *Anthology*, one can assume because of the barrage of mail from us middle-Americans who are "unqualified to understand it."

WILLIAM J. SCHERLE
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C. Seventh Iowa District

Non-Negotiable Demand

The "omniscient" Erik is protesting. I *did* get the Sept. 8 issue* and found on page 924 Mr. Kennedy's letter. Charles V *indeed* was born in 1500 and I said so (I checked the carbon-copy), but the printer's devil changed it to 1550!! *I must be exonerated.*

ERIK V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
Lans, Tyrol, Austr.

**Because our computer does not recognize the existence of Austria, Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's magazine sometimes winds up in Australia.* —ED.

Capp Applauded . . .

One of the best speeches I have read in some time is the one Al Capp made to the Princeton alumni [Sept. 22]. If we had more people like Mr. Capp, with nerve enough to speak up with the truth of what is going on on the campuses today, I think there would be some changes made in the

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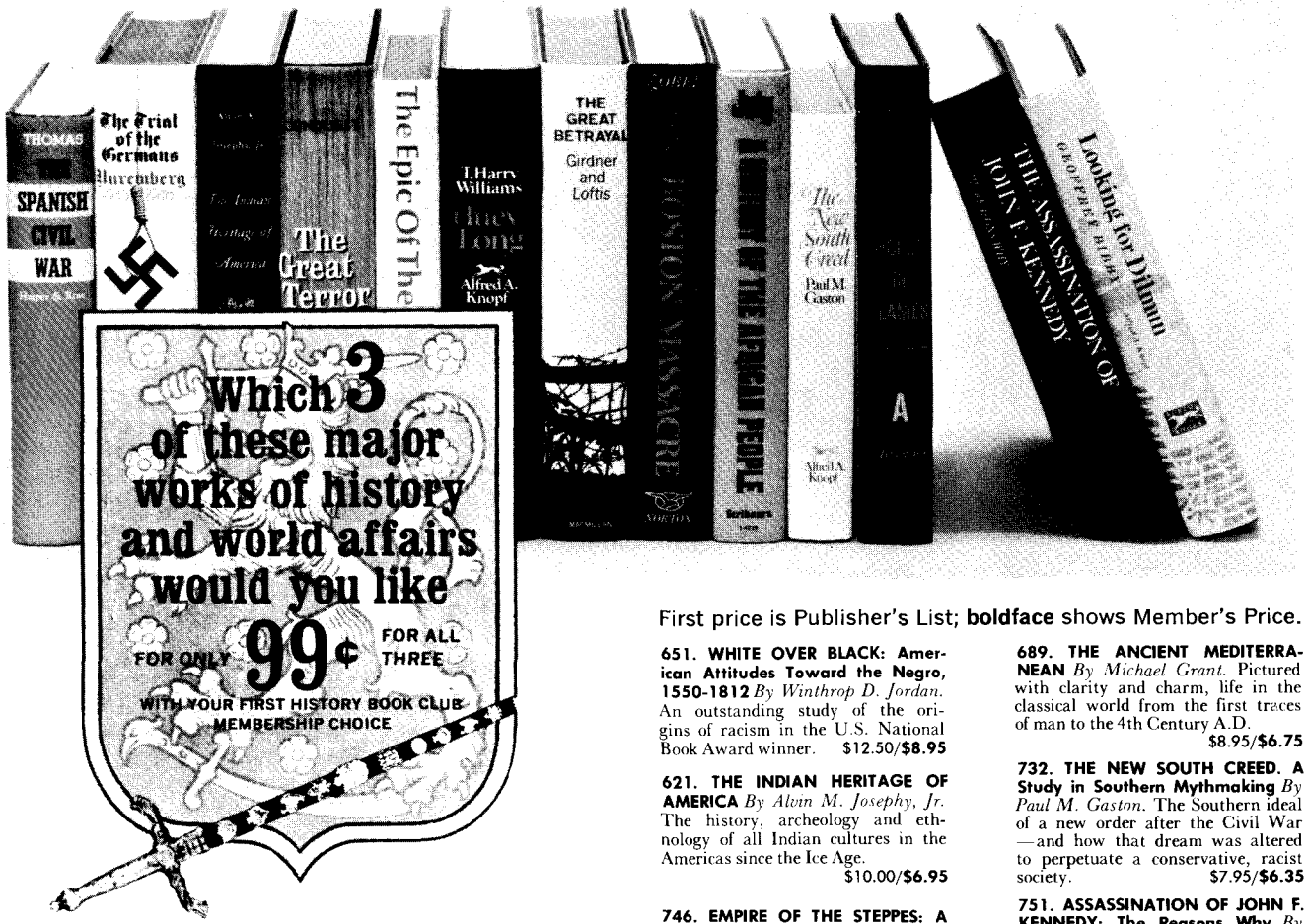

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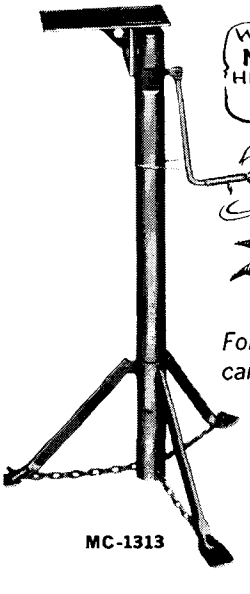

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alumni attitude toward the students who really want an education.

Ocean Ridge, Fla. IRENE M. PORTER

Cheers for the masterpiece "Advice to Princeton Alumni." Devoted alumni should rally to the support of ACTION and rescue their alma mater from intellectual pollution permitted by those of the Board who voted to serve "sandwiches, doughnuts and hot coffee" to the militant snobs debauching a once-great Christian academy.

New York, N.Y. L. F. MEYER

As one who had the pleasure (?) of observing the mass hysteria at Princeton following the Presidential announcement of the Cambodian operation, I must compliment you on the fantastically realistic sketches that accompanied Al Capp's "Advice to Princeton Alumni" article.

Princeton, N.J. STEPHEN CARLSON

. . . and Capp Reproved

Agreeing, more or less, with the ideas of Al Capp makes me a member of a vanishing species. I am a conservative college student. I carry a 3.25 grade average, which, although not the greatest, at least proves that I'm there for purposes other than rock-throwing.

I should like to address this to Mr. Capp: You are a marvelously gifted man, with the potential to sway the youth of the nation. But instead of utilizing this potential, you are wasting it. Surely you cannot expect to reach anyone by calling him subhuman, and, if you fail to reach the students, you are wasting your breath. I suspect that your caustic bellowings are more to prove to yourself how witty you are than to communicate with your audience. All right, you're witty. Bully for you.

Your little pleasantries are for the most part prosaic and meaningless when applied to reality. E.g.: "The non-college student is a citizen who announces to the world that he can be useful to it, four years before a student can." Apparently, sir, you have never heard of those useless beings known as physicians, who found themselves unable to make any contribution to mankind without six to ten years of extra schooling and without whom there would be few others to make any contributions at all. It's all a matter of what you want your contribution to be. But you knew that.

You may find it irksome to be talked down to, especially by a subhuman college student such as myself. So do I. I think that pretty well states it. I don't expect this letter to do a damned bit of good. By the same token, do you expect your speeches to do any good when you talk down to your audience? Even subhuman students like myself resent being insulted, and, when possible, will leave the lecture rather than sustain such character assassination.

Mr. Capp, you have become a missionary to the savages of college campuses, but you

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have no savages. They all walk out after your first few insults. The only ones who remain are those who do not need saving.
Carthage, Mo. ED TYLER

Moses, Arks and Ecology

To permit Robert Moses to consume five pages for his article "Bomb Shelters, Arks and Ecology" [Sept. 8] is an illustration of the prodigality of our national resources. The grey of our skies and the thickening of our rivers have no relationship to "marijuana parties . . . and invisible bikinis." Mr. Moses should have spent more time studying ecology and less time assuming it is just another hysterical revolution. Anyone who defines ecology as "simply landscape architecture on a grand scale" isn't seeing very distinctly. Of course we face other problems, but if we simply look through our watering eyes we can perceive a dilemma more encompassing and immediate than any other. Indeed, the destruction of the biosphere is a problem which man has never encountered and one which wealth and industry alone cannot solve.

Contrary to what Mr. Moses suggests, we have not always been concerned with or aware of ecology. The past plans of man in this area have failed, yet he asks us to have faith in the historical ideals of progress. Just maybe the environment is more important than "every dam, bridge . . . and other public work," regardless of cost, and the "caribou, esquimaux and seals" are more valuable than a "good road." It is my sincere hope that NATIONAL REVIEW will present all the facts accurately and perceptively. I am sure that with a rational approach and understanding man will capitulate and permit the environment to return to balance, even if Moses doesn't help bring us to the promised land.
Morristown, N.J. M. STEPHEN ZDEPSKI

One cogent reason for taking NATIONAL REVIEW is to counteract Mr. Norman Cousin's magazine and especially his editorials, as Robert Moses hints. Mr. Moses' article was so refreshing, containing not only logic but humor anent ecology. Why are so-called liberals so grim and dour? *"Horribile dictu,"* they seem to announce, but they appear to relish their dire predictions.
Terry, Mont. MRS. JEANETTE M. DEVLIN

Kindlie Words

I've been meaning to write to say that I hope you've signed Louis Galiano to a contract. His up-dating of the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* [Aug. 25] was first-rate.
Ann Arbor, Mich. W. R. STEINHOFF

Thanks for another *delightful* issue [Sept. 22] with such *great* contributions by Capp and Tierney, but *especially* the one from that old cupcake (pie wedge? more masculine?) Chairman Bill.
Olmsted Falls, Ohio DAN BRUBECK

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THE WEEK

■ A proposed solution to the dilemma of liberal senators: Why not vote for a bill that would authorize the construction of missiles that would reach exactly as far as Cairo, but not a mile further?

■ That vote-at-eighteen law that Congress passed and President Nixon signed in June has been found constitutional by a three-judge U.S. District Court. Now. Article I, Section 2 of the Constitution leaves it to the states to fix voter qualifications. The Fourteenth Amendment authorizes the Federal Government to interfere when any state denies any citizen equal protection of the laws—specifically, "when the right to vote . . . is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such states, being 21 years of age. . . ." *Male* inhabitants? The Nineteenth Amendment took care of that, but the proviso about "being 21 years of age" still stands and the only way to change it, constitutionally, is by an Amendment. Instead we have a statute which a President dedicated to "strict construction" of the Constitution should, dammit, have vetoed but instead signed while uttering a piety about hoping the Supreme Court would quickly rule on its constitutionality. That ruling is expected by the end of October; meanwhile, we have the fuzzy verdict of the three judges. Two of them are out-and-out liberals. The third, George E. MacKinnon, is a Nixon appointee who the *Washington Post* says "met the President's test as a 'strict constructionist' conservative." MacKinnon justified his loose interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment on the grounds that history is "inconclusive" on the subject of the Amendment's application to state voting standards—just as Earl Warren found history "inconclusive" on the same Amendment's relation to public schools. What's conclusive? Politics. Nobody wants to take the responsibility for saying that even the kids are bound by the Constitution.

■ Governor Kirk of Florida complains that the IRS is engaged in "social engineering" and bullying the South by denying tax exemptions to segregated private schools. Kwitchurbitchen, Kirk—they bully everybody.

■ *From the NY Times*: ". . . Mr. Ottinger rode to a mountain top to tape an interview on WBJA-TV. Mr. Ottinger contended that the Vice President tried to 'stir up' campus trouble for political profits. As the show signed off . . . the interviewer, Ralph Fabrezio, said: 'I'll try to get it on the Sunday before election. You've been so kind to us with advertising spending.' . . . Later, Mr. Fabrezio said the remark had been meant as a joke." Fabrezio, you belong in the circus.

■ A statewide survey commissioned by the *New York Times* and conducted by Daniel Yankelovich, Inc., a leading social research corporation, made just about everybody unhappy—at the *Times*, that is. New York State's voters are "depressed about the state of the nation" and are "moving to the right politically." In a state usually thought to be the most liberal in the nation, more voters identified themselves as conservatives (34.8 per cent) than as liberals (22.9 per cent), and the liberals were overwhelmingly outnumbered by the moderates and the conservatives. The *New York Post* responded with a say-it-isn't-so editorial, and James Reston virtuously recalled that the majority isn't always right, boo-hoo, end of civics lesson.

■ *Watching John* (cont.): The latest Washington theory on John Lindsay's future as a Democratic Presidential candidate: Hubert Humphrey holds the key. Lindsay lacks support among organization Democrats and party loyalists. But Humphrey, who seems likely to return to the Senate, is about the only Democrat left who still commands loyalty from local party leaders across the country. Humphrey probably can't win the Presidential nod himself; but he will have a large say in who does get the nomination and he is not enthusiastic about any of the current front-runners. If Lindsay can convince Humphrey he could run a better race against Nixon than any of the other contenders, he might just get Humphrey's support. But never the nation's, so don't worry.

■ Lovable Lou Harris is at it again: "MOST WANT WAGE-PRICE CURBS . . . By a clear-cut 49-to-32 per cent most Americans would like to see a system of wage and price controls imposed by the Federal Government as a solution to the continued press of inflation on their pocketbooks. . . ." Got that, you guys? Nixon, Meany, all the rest of you? Maybe you should read the fine print first—those figures the papers print in teeny type. Turns out that, yup, 49 per cent would accept wage-price controls "if [they] could be sure the cost of living would stop going up as a result" (a mighty big if)—and *76 per cent* would favor a cut in federal spending.

■ Thomas J. Watson Jr., chairman of IBM, with four IBM experts in his entourage, was in Moscow early this month to talk computers with the USSR State Committee for Science and Technology. The Russians, who are back-

Tune-Up Time

For years I've labeled it a riddle
Why liberals despise the Middle.
They're always opting for the Upper
For drinks and theater and supper;
Nor is there anything surpasses
Their passion for the lower classes.
But mention "middle" and Tom Wicker
(For instance) can't resist a snicker.
If, as I pray, the taunted Middle
Gets all the Wickers on the griddle,
Depend upon it, I shall fiddle.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Think about it for a moment, right now. Pick someone you know (who doesn't already get NR) who thinks pretty much as you do about taxes, crime in the streets, inflation, narcotics, his children's education, etc. He may not realize it yet but he'd be vitally interested in what conservatives have to say about these things—(and where do conservatives say it better than in *National Review*?).

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Dunnett Ben Roth Agency

"Not one word about us—it's all about the Middle East War—d'ya think we've won?"

ward in computer matters, want American expertise in computer construction and use; IBM wants to make money; therefore the customary dilemma posed by doing business with the Communists. Granted that a total boycott is unrealistic in a world where lots of firms in lots of nations can provide the Russians with trucks, chemicals, machine tools etc., and the plants to make them, computers and computer programming are something else again. They are an essential key to the most advanced technology, most particularly to its military applications. And in the computer field the U.S. is far ahead of the rest of the world. If we are going to give that big a gift to the Kremlin, shouldn't we at least demand something more in return than a profit for an individual firm?—a significant political concession, say, since there is probably nothing economic they have that would make a worthwhile exchange?

■ With Nasser gone, it is possible at last to survey the Middle East objectively, and to say definitely that

■ The International *Herald Tribune* has reported that, over an unspecified period beginning in March of this year, 28 newsmen were either killed or arrested by Indochinese Communists in Cambodia. The charges were that they had "an 'incorrect attitude' toward the Cambodian 'government' in Peking," said attitude apparently consisting of their refusal to describe as Cambodians North Vietnamese soldiers whom they encountered in Cambodia. Five of the reporters were killed, four have been released, and nineteen are still unaccounted for. Says the *Herald Tribune*: "By finding North Vietnamese troops where U.S. soldiers never set foot, the missing men threatened innocently the very foundation of a construction built on the idea of a 'peace camp' defending people through 'liberation wars.' "

■ Our leaders permitted us a little moment of alarm when they let it be known that the Russians are building a submarine base in Cuba. Then the lid clamped down: Nobody in the Pentagon or the State Department is saying anything further; the official line is: "We've let the Russians know that we know what they're up to, and that's all we have to do." Quite a contrast with that noisy "Cuban missile crisis" of 1962. But times have changed. Those missiles had a range of a couple of hundred miles; missiles on the Yankee-class Russian nuclear subs that will be serviced at Cienfuegos are 1,500-milers, capable, if fired from the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico, of reaching anyplace in the U.S. except Washington, Oregon, Idaho or Montana. In 1962, we still held a big edge on the Soviet Union in military power. That was the "age of superiority." Now we are in the "age of sufficiency," in which we speak softly and hope to hell they don't use their stick on us.

■ Norodom Sihanouk is proving that you can't lose 'em all. Having been fired, without notice, from his job as Head of State, he is carving out a new career for himself as Journalist. His latest contribution, in the *Nation*, is entitled "Let My People Go" and contains such gems as these: "For the readers of your esteemed magazine, I need not name the countries which the government of the United States has turned into satellites, on the ground that Communism menaced democracy and liberty in those states. . . . Yet when these peoples revolt, the propaganda apparatus of the United States treats them as Communists. . . . The Cambodian people who remain loyal to their legal chief of state and who do not acknowledge the fascist and bloody dictatorship of the Lon Nol junta . . . are characterized as Communist by Washington propaganda." The article is, appropriately, datelined "Peking."

■ This week's Self-Actualizing Competitive Isolate Award goes to Russell Kirk, for finding, in God knows what educational ghetto, a schoolmarm lamenting: "Totally obsolete teaching methods based on imprinting concepts instead of growthful actualizing of potential have created the intellectual ghetto. . . . If schools would stop labeling cooperation 'cheating' and adopt newer methods of student interaction, we wouldn't keep churning out these competitive isolates." That's what she said, and it boils down to learn-by-cheating—a method still too intellectually rigorous to be of much service to its author, who couldn't interact with a growthful concept if her Ph.D. depended on it.

■ A recent Women's Lib demonstration in Indianapolis came off a bad second in a confrontation with counter-picket Amber Mist, a representative of the exotic dancing profession. Miss Mist, whose slogan is "better snuggle than struggle," argued that she didn't mind being a sex symbol, and that most women who do, aren't. Male onlookers agreed that she raised a couple of very excellent points.

■ Speaking of strippers, Miss Candy Barr, who was one until she got busted for pot possession back in the Fifties and served three years in jail, was arrested for it again, but the judge ruled it was seized illegally and dropped the case for lack of evidence. And speaking of pot, the police chief of Moab, Utah is looking for the sneak who stole the

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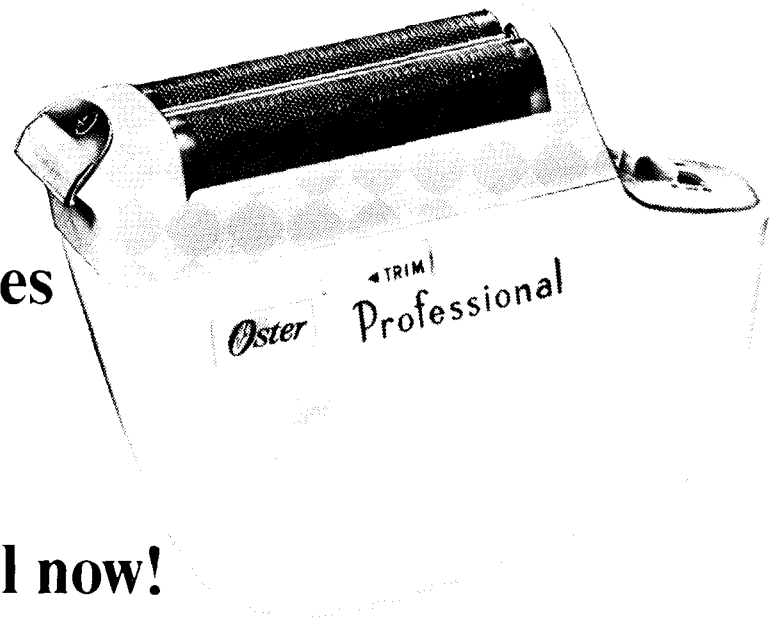
Barbers talk a lot.

Except when they find an electric shaver that outshaves a hand-honed straight razor.

Then they keep it to themselves. Until now!



A barber gets $1.50 plus tip for a shave with his electric razor. For years he's kept the brand name hidden with adhesive tape.

Can you rightly blame him? For this professional instrument outshaves his hand-honed straight razor! You won't find it in stores. It's been a secret weapon of master barbers for years. It delivers a barber-close shave that lasts all day long. It does it faster and with less chance of irritation than a straight razor. That's why barbers use it on the toughest beards and the most sensitive skin.

Now the secret is out. A blabbermouthed barber talked. We have it. The Oster Professional Electric Shaver.

Contoured Head— Like a Barber's Fingers

The design is a barber's dream. Technically, the shaving head design is called a "double arch contour," because it sets up whiskers just like a barber does with his fingers. It means you get every whisker at one pass—as clean as if you had drawn a hand-honed, surgically sharp, straight razor over your face.

4,000 Comb Traps— 152 Surgical Steel Edges

Four thousand comb-like perforations trap each whisker right at the skin line. Powerful 120-volt, 60-cycle motor drives the 152 surgical-sharp cutting edges to make the toughest beard disappear magically—without the slightest irritation to even the most sensitive skin.

So Powerful, Whiskers Turn to Dust!

Open an ordinary electric shaver and you'll find bits and pieces of whisker. That's because these run-of-the-mill shavers hack and chop your beard. But the Oster Professional Electric Shaver operates at nearly twice the speed—on ordinary household AC current—and actually pulverizes whiskers into fine microscopic dust.

Separate Trimmer Other Great Features

No expense was spared to make the Oster Professional Shaver to rigid, master-barber specifications. Motor-driven trimmer operates independently to trim moustaches and sideburns, straight and neat for today's new "styled" look. The high-impact plastic housing is sculpted to fit your hand effortlessly. Removable stainless steel head rinses clean under running water. On-off switch, plus separate switch to operate trimmer. The specially counter-balanced drive gives you a smooth, vibration-free shave, and won't cause radio or TV interference.

It all adds up to an amazing shaving experience. An electric shave that makes your face come cleaner than a hand-honed surgical steel barber's straight razor – and in a lot less time.

Expecting a hefty price tag? Forget it! The Oster Professional Shaver was designed for barbers who don't go for expensive, unneeded frills. The price is only $22.98, complete with carrying case – containing separate cord storage, cleaning brush and head cover.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

Treat your face to the Oster Professional Shaver for 10 days – 10 days of the smoothest, fastest, closest, most irritation-free shaving you've ever enjoyed . . . either blade or electric! Then, if not completely satisfied, return for a full refund.

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marijuana plants he was growing in his back yard, as part of a community program on drug abuse. And speaking of police, the rumor that police departments around the country are adopting a "take no prisoners" policy is not true. And if you think you've got problems, consider those of Governor David Cargo of New Mexico, whose pet pooch was recently discovered to be carrying fleas infected with bubonic plague. So much for our supply of good news.

■ Janis Joplin dressed funny, talked dirty and sang the blues in a whale of a great big voice, doing something to them all her own. A *New York Times* critic once said she shouldn't sing the blues because she wasn't black. She sang on, never letting herself be sidetracked into politics or protest. She said two good things: "Those people who say I'm like Billie Holliday—man, I'm nowhere near her" and "These kids who touch drugs are crazy when they can have a drink of Southern Comfort." She forgot her own advice, and died of a drug overdose (like Billie Holliday). She'll be remembered as one of the few rock artists who contributed something original while others were imitating. Maybe instead of taking drugs, kids will listen to records of Janis Joplin.

■ Weird friend of ours is of the opinion that under the present standards of scotusprudence, the Ten Commandments (of Old Testament fame) would be set aside as violative of the First, Fourth, Fifth and Thirteenth Amendments and as unconstitutionally vague.

■ Cambodia wasn't all bad news to the boys at Berkeley. A recent study reveals that two thousand liberal arts undergraduates piled up an astounding number of course credits during the hysteria. Usually, students need special permission to carry more than eighteen units. But during Cambodia Spring instructors handed out credits like leaflets. One enterprising young man earned 55 for the quarter. Two more Cambodias and he'll graduate in a year.

■ There may be hope for Cornell. On September 22, eight hundred male undergraduates marched on Baker Tower, a girls' dormitory, and demanded—you guessed it—panties. The girls responded with great enthusiasm. "The nostalgia was unbearable," said Sergeant James Cunningham of Cornell's campus police force. "The tears were practically running down my cheeks."

■ Working-within-the-System Department: Applications for the 1971-72 White House Fellows program are being accepted from now until December 1, 1970. The purpose of the program is to give people interested in government some practical, high-level experience; the Fellows are not merely observers, but actually hold responsible positions on the White House staff or in one of the Cabinet-level departments. The program is open to all those between 23 and 35 years of age, with the exception of Civil Service employees. Application forms and additional information can be obtained from the President's Commission on White House Fellows, The White House, Washington, D.C.

■ Business is booming, reports the Committee to Insure the Continuing Growth of the State in its prestigious Annual Report, reprinted every year since 1933 without revision.

Clap Hands, Here Comes Humphrey

I feel as if I had a whole new set of glands.
—Hubert H. Humphrey

The endocrine balance is normal;
  The thyroid and thymus work well;
The sweat glands secrete at a formal;
  Adrenals are utterly *swell.*
Sebaceous-wise, everything's peachy:
  He says he'll be using them soon.
You'll know, because making a speech he
  Goes up like a hot-air balloon.

W. H. von Dreele

Cui Mare?

Richard Nixon seldom plots a direct course to a single goal. His usual progress is through flanking sweeps that envelop multiple objectives. It would be an error to search for a single answer to the question, why did Nixon make his eight-day trip?

The timing, obviously—no matter how many White House aides say it was planned months in advance—was decided by the Mideast crisis. Against the background of so much talk at home and abroad of American neo-isolationism and withdrawal, the President wished to reaffirm, by the symbol of his presence, the fact that this nation is not abdicating the world responsibilities that are the inevitable accompaniment of its power and wealth. Specifically, he was displaying the American commitment in the Mediterranean and its basin. He was saying in the language of diplomacy and power politics: America will not permit the Mediterranean to become a Soviet sea, or its littoral, a Soviet colony; America is not going to renege on its obligations under the NATO alliance; Israel will not be abandoned to a Soviet-backed drive for her extinction; the Sixth Fleet will continue in the Mediterranean, and will be reinforced if the counterpower of the Soviet Mediterranean fleet threatens its position; whatever the complaints of ideologues of Left or Right, America will act in concert with those regional nations that are prepared to resist the Soviet threat to swallow the Mediterranean.

A year or more ago, Mr. Nixon's stopovers in Yugoslavia and Spain, and the simultaneous visit of Secretary of Defense Laird to Greece, would have raised a hurricane of controversy. The Mideast events of the past six months have cleared the ideological fog out of a lot of heads.

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Adam Smith Warned You: Inflation Always Leads To Crisis.

"When national debts have once been accumulated to a certain degree, there is scarce, I believe, a single instance of their having been fairly and completely paid. The liberation of the public revenue, if it has been brought about at all, has always been brought about by a bankruptcy."—THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

One great economist after another has agreed with him. From Frederic Bastiat to Ludwig von Mises, Milton Friedman and Henry Hazlitt—*all* have warned of the irreparable damage inflation does to a nation and the appalling toll it can take from your labor, your savings, your plans . . . and your dreams.

In previous inflations a few farsighted investors managed to prosper. But the loopholes by which they salvaged their wealth are being tightened in this one. There is no *sure* way to protect yourself.

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- to lose your job or business?
- to have your loans called?
- to see mortgages and car loans soar further in cost?
- to face a general business recession?

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In his new booklet HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY FROM INFLATION, Mr. Rickenbacker, applying the wisdom of the great economists, sets forth in clear, bold strokes, an overall investment strategy for the '70s. However, no booklet (or book, for that matter, regardless of its size) can anticipate a decade of new governmental regulations, technological advances, foreign developments and changing market conditions.

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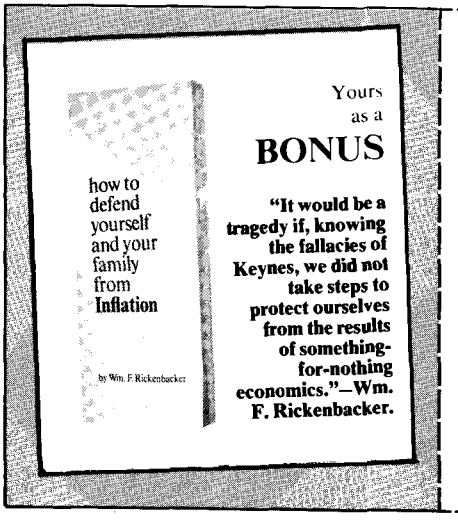
William F. Rickenbacker


how to defend yourself and your family from Inflation
by Wm. F. Rickenbacker
Yours as a
BONUS
"It would be a tragedy if, knowing the fallacies of Keynes, we did not take steps to protect ourselves from the results of something-for-nothing economics."—Wm. F. Rickenbacker.

N-28

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Defense of the Mediterranean, which is the defense of Western Europe and thus in turn the defense of the Atlantic and of America, now especially with the Soviet intrusion into the Mideast and northern Africa, is unthinkable without Greece and Yugoslavia and Spain. Therefore.

But it was not only the Mediterranean that drew the President abroad. Though in his short stop in Britain, the Mediterranean, with which Britain has so many present and historic ties, was undoubtedly mentioned, the President was very likely most concerned to discuss his new initiative in relation to Southeast Asia, as he did in detail with his Paris envoys during his longer stay in Ireland. He was, also, trying to pump new life back into NATO, and to stop the widespread rumor that we are going to pull out of continental Europe. There was also, for both the President and his wife, the sentimental side, as there always should be, of a visit to Ireland: that search in rural Irish soil for the Irish roots and ancestors that sometimes it seems every American possesses.

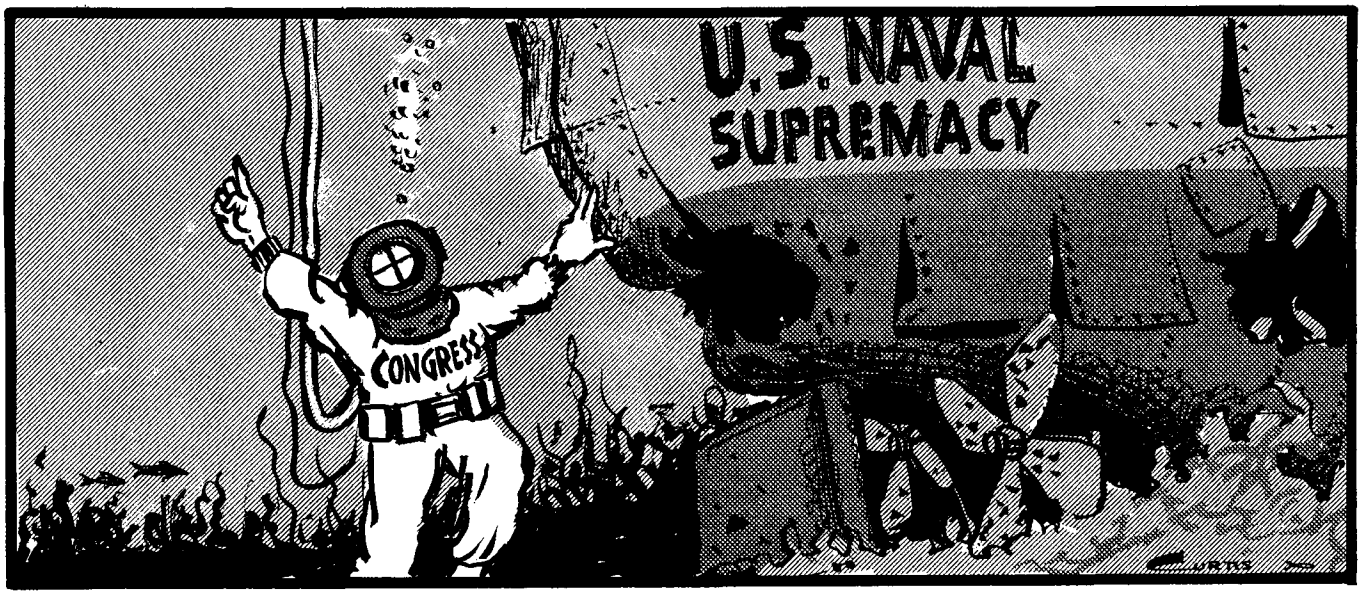
And we will not be wrong or disrespectful if we note the practical political purpose, for Mr. Nixon is also a practical politician. In the month before elections the banner headlines from a world-traveling head of the American state and government are a zestful boost to the election campaigning of his party—though the headline quest was blanketed for a while, as things turned out, by the death of Nasser. A triple stop in Italy—Rome, the Vatican, Naples—plus a stay in Ireland could not but have been of lively interest to the many millions of American voters who have Italian or Irish blood in their veins; and Jewish voters will not have been displeased by the firmness toward Mideast issues. The White House journalists remarked how "rested and refreshed" the President looked on his return from his trip. Since the physical schedule was incredibly rigorous, that rest and refreshment could have come only from the spirit, well pleased at missions accomplished.

The Vice President and the Senator

Both admirers and critics find Spiro Agnew's rhetorical fireworks so fascinating that they tend to overlook the serious and sustained political purpose to which his rhetoric is harnessed. The Vice President has studied his Kevin Phillips. He comprehends the Phillips thesis not in the superficial geographic sense ("Southern strategy") usually mentioned or merely in the partisan implication of Phillips' title (*The Emerging Republican Majority*), but in its fuller social and historical dimensions. The American electorate, so the thesis goes, has entered one of those recurrent phases of transition, when a pattern of forces and beliefs that has held, more or less, for a generation or two, begins to dissolve, and a new pattern to take shape. The dominant section of the old pattern took electoral form as "the New Deal coalition" supporting the Democratic Party. Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg, writing for Democrats (*The Real Majority*), agree with Phillips, writing for Republicans, that the dominant section of the new pattern will show a net political shift to the right.

Vice President Agnew's campaign is designed to further that outcome, and to assure that the Republican Party will be the political organization of the coming new majority formation. He believes that this year's election is a critical stage in this double process. And Agnew (and presumably, Nixon) correctly gives the first task—of accomplishing the fundamental national regroupment—priority over the second, narrowly partisan task.

This is why the Vice President and the Administration have repudiated the official Republican candidate for the Senate in New York, and have thrown their support to James L. Buckley, running on the Conservative Party



"Somebody bring some paste!"

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ticket though also a registered Republican. By his record in the Senate, Charles Goodell has proved that he belongs to the dissolving pattern of the past. It is not simply that he has often voted against the leader of the Republican Party, who is also the President. We do not have a parliamentary system of the British type, and a 100 per cent party regularity is neither required nor expected of a member of Congress. But Goodell's opposition, in political speech and action as well as vote, is on fundamentals, in domestic as in international affairs. The Americans for Democratic Action ratings, summing up votes on the most important issues, list Goodell at 95 per cent, far above any other Republican and equaled by only a handful of left-wing Democrats. For the Administration to support Goodell would be a repudiation of the entire perspective of the regroupment of political forces now taking place—the regroupment upon which the future not merely of the political parties but of the nation will depend. The Administration judges, and rightly, that in this year's critical election, the New York Senate race is the most critical battle.

This New York operation has called for some very complicated foot and mouth work. Since the President and Vice President are the leaders of the Republican Party, it is difficult, if not impossible, for them to give direct public support to a candidate running on the ticket of another party without seeming to repudiate their own party and legitimize party disunity—the contrary of their purpose, which is to revitalize and strengthen the Republican Party in preparation for its becoming the political vehicle of the new majority. This accounts for the sometimes rather bewildering circumlocutions of the Vice Presidential and White House comments on the New York race. But however indirectly it has been made, the main practical point is clear: Vote for Buckley. NATIONAL REVIEW will announce its own choice in due course. We do not *automatically* back the President.

Commissionese

The Scranton Commission has parceled out the blame for the Kent State deaths with the same evenhandedness it displayed in its initial general report on campus disorders (see *NR Bulletin*, Oct. 13). The new report says: "The actions of some students were violent and criminal and those of some others were dangerous, reckless and irresponsible. The indiscriminate firing of rifles into a crowd of students and the deaths that followed were unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable." The Commission is no doubt right in saying that both sides are partly guilty for what happened, but it makes no realistic suggestion as to what the Guardsmen *should* have done, except that they should not have fired. It says that the Guard should not have tried to break up the noontime rally at which the deaths occurred, because the rally was peaceful. However, it also notes that some students had already burned down the ROTC building on campus and caused damage in the town of Kent; the Commission does not explain how the Guard was to know that similar actions would not result if this rally were to follow its natural course.

Meanwhile another commission, this one reporting to the Office of Education, says that there are more "disruptions" (i.e., boycotts, strikes, riots, arson, other property damage, picketing) at integrated high schools than at all-white or all-black high schools. This commission's solutions are about as practical as the Scranton Commission's: After hastening to say (lest you get the wrong idea) that segregation will not solve the problem, they propose instead: 1) that the schools hire more black administrators and teachers, since disruptions are more likely to occur if the percentage of black students is greater than the percentage of black faculty members; and 2) that traditional punishments such as suspension, expulsion and calling in parents be dropped, since they frequently have "perverse and counterproductive results."

That Porno Report

The report by the President's Commission on Pornography makes points, large and small: Among them, political conservatives are not as easily aroused by pornography as liberals. Which confirms what we've been saying all along: conservatives are superior in taste and good sense.

In its major recommendation the Report touches on a profound problem, but fails to confront it directly. "The Commission is of the view that it is exceedingly unwise to attempt to legislate individual moral values and standards, especially by restrictions upon consensual communications." In short: repeal all laws against selling pornography to adults. More or less, Denmark.

But the real problem is how, under modern conditions, it is possible to protect the quality of our public culture. In the pre-modern community, the quality of the culture was maintained by numerous understandings, customs, unwritten laws and the like; and the sanctions were real: ostracism, disgrace, financial ruin. But today?

The Commission's approach is relentlessly utilitarian and individualistic. The Commission doubts that pornography causes sex crimes; beyond that, "it is exceedingly unwise to attempt to legislate individual moral values and standards." The quality of the culture that prevails in a community, however, can be decisively affected by "individual" choices, even the choices of a small minority. The atmosphere in Times Square or Picadilly Circus; the character of the flick showing in the neighborhood theater, and its attendant publicity; the ubiquitous newsstand displays—these are not merely "private" and "individual" matters.

Conservative thought in this regard—like liberal thought—has not really confronted the issue. This failure derives from the fact that both traditions are colored by the individualism and utilitarianism of the nineteenth century, which had an inadequate awareness of the nature and the needs of civilized community. In other areas, how-

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ever, the general proposition holds: Where the customs and understandings of the pre-modern community have crumbled, they have tended to be replaced by explicit legislation, or by consciously constructed institutions. This suggests the direction which thought on the pornography issue ought to take.

Dostoievsky in Waltham

Brandeis University is developing a certain cachet. Until this week, indeed, it could boast of alumna Angela Davis, lately of the Che-Lumumba cell, CPUSA and the UCLA Philosophy Department. But now plucky Angela has been joined underground by two more revolutionary Brandeis coeds—who, like Angela, have been charged with murder.

The story is a weird and tragic one: weird, yes, but unique only in detail, while in broad outline atrociously familiar. Two apolitical high school graduates, intelligent and normal, move, via Brandeis, from Middle America to a Dostoievskian world of radicals and criminals, robbery and murder.

Both girls were exemplary high-school students and graduated with all sorts of honors. One composed her class poem; the other won, among other awards, the Betty Crocker Homemaking Prize for her recipes and sewing. Translated to the Brandeis campus, they underwent instant radicalization. "In that first year," recalls one of Kathy Powers' friends, "she went from zero politically to an individual with a strong social conscience." No influence reaching them at Brandeis—no restraining faculty advice, no intimation of historical complexity gleaned from course or text—delayed their rapid slide through radical activism to irretrievable disaster. The causes with which they identified themselves passionately are so boring that even to name them is like lifting boulders: the March on the Pentagon, the Brandeis Sanctuary Committee, which sought to keep a conscientious objector out of the hands of the police; a visit to, naturally, Cuba; the Black Panther rally in New Haven last spring; the Student Strike over Cambodia. Increasingly involved; and increasingly radical. It was at the National Strike Information Center, set up at Brandeis last spring to coordinate the nationwide strike, that the girls met Stanley Bond, an ex-convict turned campus radical, who, fittingly enough, handled the finances of the Center. Bond provided them with their link to the underworld: William M. Gilday and Richard M. Valeri, ex-convicts, who had no radical ideas but would do almost anything.

The political significance of this group, dubbed by Bond the "Revolutionary Action Force—East," lies in the fact that, unlike the mindless anarchists of Santa Barbara and elsewhere, it did not burn banks but robbed them for revolutionary purposes. According to police, these radicals cum criminals hit the National Guard Armory in Newburyport, burning it and making off with weapons and ammunition; next held up a bank in Philadelphia, netting some $6,000; Susan Saxe then spent $500 on more guns in Portland, Oregon; and, having accumulated an arsenal, they returned to Sacco and Vanzetti country and pulled a really big job, a bank in Brighton, Mass., where they collected $26,000 and murdered a policeman, Walter A. Schroeder, the father of nine. In a raid on Kathy Powers' apartment, the police collected a load of SDS, Women's Lib and other radical literature.

How long, O Catiline . . .?

Cold Winter Coming?

On September 29 the Administration made official the widespread talk about an "energy crisis" this winter, with possible cold homes from lack of heating oil, brownouts or blackouts from electricity shortages, factory shutdowns, and who knows what.

To Americans, for whom the lavish use of all forms of energy is an integral part of their life-style, it is a startling prospect. What's gone wrong? Who's to blame?

The liberals are busy suggesting that the cause of the shortage is a vicious "energy monopoly," and their campaign along these lines has been given a lively start with a series of articles in the *Washington Post*, duly entered into the *Congressional Record*, accusing the oil companies of monopolizing fuel supplies and driving up prices.

Actually, the energy situation is the result of converging factors that have arisen in different ways at different times:

1) Inadequate generating capacity of the electric power plants. This comes in part from technological difficulties in getting nuclear power plants installed and running. Probably more important have been delays in granting permission to build new plants, due to the protests by groups worried about a) air and water pollution, b) radiation, c) scenic alteration. The projected two million kilowatt Storm King plant on the Hudson River was first proposed more than seven years ago (January 1963)

The Alternative Is Goldberg

This fall I'm programmed for a dreadful deed;
The Greeks would understand my motivation.
When Agamemnon's navy needed speed,
He sacrificed a daughter for the nation.
I face the fall with fear and trepidation.
Intestinally, I am not a Greek,
And yet it's hard to stomach more taxation . . .
Perhaps I'll do it off-stage, with a shriek?
No: I cannot afford to be oblique.
A downward movement and the deed is done.
I know the one alternative is bleak,
But, oh, the tension on my ganglion.
And so, despite the trauma and the shock,
November I'll be voting for the Rock.

W. H. von Dreele

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and still has not been allowed to start construction. If it had been in operation, New York would not have had blackouts or brownouts this past summer.

2) Low supplies of natural gas, due primarily to the regulations of the Federal Power Commission. Though never explicitly given such power by Congress, the FPC assumed control over the market prices of interstate sales of natural gas, and the price levels it allows are below rates that would encourage additional exploration and production.

3) International incidents, such as the Syrian cutoff of the Tapline and the Libyan oil production cutbacks.

4) Restrictions on imports of residual fuel oil—scheduled to be temporarily eased under the emergency plans.

5) New federal safety standards for coal mines, which seem to have put many small mines out of business.

Added to these difficulties on the supply side there is the swelling energy demand, from, for example: 1) our national infatuation for energy-gobbling air conditioners; 2) the booming foreign wish for U.S. coal, with this year's exports reaching about $900 million; and 3) a generally higher level of economic activity than the energy producers anticipated in long-term planning.

The energy situation is a perfect illustration of the fact that you cannot have the best of all possible worlds, which would mean self-sufficiency in energy supplies (desirable from the standpoint of national defense); unrealistically low energy costs; pollution-free power plants; accident-free coal mines; maximum possible coal exports (fine for the balance of payments); pristine scenery along the Hudson; and pure tundra in Alaska.

It should be clear that there is no "solution" to the energy problem, at any rate in the sense that a brilliant enough economist could devise a policy that could achieve all those objectives simultaneously. They are intertwined with profound national and international political and cultural issues, so that it becomes the job of the politicians to help devise the best of the possible compromise answers. This, after all, is what politicians are paid for: to resolve dilemmas when multiple interests conflict with each other.

You may take it from there, Mr. President.

The Splendid Mr. Adams

We do not censor the work of our super-versifier Mr. W. H. von Dreele, who in the form for which he has become famous, announces (see above) his decision to vote for Nelson Rockefeller for governor. Because he does not want to contribute to what he knows would be a worsened situation at the hands of Governor Arthur Goldberg.

The time is propitious, while respecting Mr. von Dreele's decision (as also that of those who will disagree with him) to acknowledge, gratefully, the person and the deeds of Paul Adams, who is waging a lonely fight for the governorship on the Conservative Party line. Mr. Adams is a professor of political science, and he brings to his speeches and to his public announcements the quiet dignity that is appropriate under the circumstances. He ran four years ago, and scored the upset of the season, defeating Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr., of all people, who was running on the Liberal line. The result was to take the prestigious Row C away from the Liberals, and give it to the Conservatives. That was a switch of great symbolic importance. Two years later, the invincible John Lindsay lost a Republican nomination in New York City. This year, James Buckley will easily outpoll Charles Goodell, and perhaps will win the election. Nelson Rockefeller, meanwhile, is less stuck on hyperliberal statism as the wave of the future. And one of the reasons why is Paul Adams, and a few others, who have fought steadfastly over the years to reintroduce a genuine two-party system to New York State.

Moral Re-Armament RIP

One had wondered every so often, "What ever happened to MRA?" Suddenly, in the back pages of the *Times*, the answer: Offices and training centers all over the country closed; the elegant Washington mansion sold, ditto the estate in Mount Kisco, the brownstone in Manhattan, the college (never accredited) on Mackinac Island; the periodicals shut down one by one; the movie-making and book publishing halted; the teams of proselytizers taken off the road. Behind it all, declining revenues—$3.5 million in 1967, $2.7 million in 1968, less than $2 million in 1969.

Those of us outside it could never quite come to grips with MRA. On the surface, it seemed to offer a slick, simple, de-Christianized evangelism. One had only to follow the Four Absolutes—Absolute Honesty, Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness, Absolute Love—and perform public confessions called "apologies," and give money, and one would be "changed." In its heyday in the late Forties and early Fifties, MRA claimed to be able to "change" anybody—all the greedy Western capitalists, all the Communists from Khrushchev on down, the Mau Mau, and unspecified millions of people. MRA had an "ideology" (never quite spelled out) that was to save the world.

And yet . . . Certainly, MRA changed some people. A sharply critical article in NATIONAL REVIEW in 1956 drew a record volume of angry mail. MRA inspired devotion and sacrifice, but only in a special few. Perhaps it failed because its Four Absolutes were impossible of attainment in this imperfect world; and at the same time too simple, too conducive to a supine, superficial goodness that sometimes dozed. Beware the metaphysically jejune. Whatever the reason, MRA is gone from the American scene. It survives, on a modest scale, in Europe, and in this country it leaves one child, "Up With People!," which brings the power of positive singing to high schools and colleges. But if the movement will not be greatly lamented, its adherents, uniformly men and women of high purpose and fine disposition, undoubtedly lightened, and will continue to do so, the burden of the universe.

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Dos Passos: Last of the Big Four

It was at a restaurant in the Chelsea district of New York, somewhere near the old office of the *New Republic*. As I remember it, I was seated at a table with Malcolm Cowley, Kenneth Burke and one or two others. John Dos Passos was at a neighboring table, probably (though memory is dim) with some of his radical theater friends; he had been writing plays (*The Garbage Man, Airways, Inc.*). He looked at us and called across the aisle: "Writers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your brains."

This was "Dos" then, a skeptic about organizations of any kind, even of those formed to advance the causes he championed. Dos never changed; he always distrusted the big battalions. He often shifted his opinions on new evidence, but he never changed his emotional disposition toward instruments of power. They were to be kept on a short leash, whether they were run by capitalists, Communists, labor leaders or whomsoever.

The obituary writers quoted him to this effect, but they did not bother to understand him. The commentaries on his death were universally maddening—so much claptrap about the superiority of the early Dos Passos, before he became a conservative, a Goldwater supporter, a signer of petitions with Bill Buckley. Did anyone recall that, in 1928, he had faced some young Russians in the December murk of a Moscow trainshed and, in answer to the question "Are you with us?," had voiced his eternal skepticism of institutional efforts to save the world? "But let me see," he had said, ". . . but maybe I can explain. . . . But in so short a time . . . there's no time." He had just said to himself that waiting to get out of Russia was "like waiting for the cage that's going to haul you up out of a mine, like getting out of a cementfactory, like climbing the long greasy ladder out of the stokehold of a steamboat . . ."

To be sure, the obit writers thought they were giving an aesthetic judgment, not a political judgment, when they slighted the later Dos Passos. Nevertheless they were the victims of an illusion fostered by thirty years of critical hostility toward any writer or artist who turned against socialism, whether his name be Max Eastman, Eugene Lyons or Frank Meyer. As between the earlier and later Dos Passos there is more evenness of performance than one can find in Sinclair Lewis, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway or Thomas Wolfe. The *U.S.A.* trilogy is justly remembered for its panoramic vision of a pre-Depression America in which the radical hopefulness of 1913 had subsided into a cynicism created by Versailles and the later rush for the "big money." But though *U.S.A.* is everything the obit writers said it is, it does not differ in variety and power and aesthetic quality from the novel called *Midcentury*, which was written many years later. There is the same intensive-extensive grasp of the whole national scene in *Midcentury*, the same wonderful prose poems about historical characters, only this time the big labor unions have replaced the corporations as the more dangerous institutional villains. The liberal critics, averting their eyes from the McClellan investigations, just couldn't stand the switch, which had nothing to do with the comparative aesthetics of the case. Nor could they stand it when Dos Passos made Glenn Spotswood, the protagonist of his *Adventures of a Young Man*, the victim of Stalinist machinations in Civil War Spain. If he had made Glenn a politically innocent bridge dynamiter and put him into a sleeping bag with Ingrid Bergman, the verdict would have been different.

The key to Dos Passos was that he was always a seeker. He couldn't make a good speech because, when he faced an audience, he would forget that he was the attraction and start interviewing the people who had come to listen to him. In the mid-Sixties he visited Yale to give a lecture. The students learned very little about Dos Passos' philosophy other than that he liked to side with the underdog. But Dos went back to his home in Westmoreland County, Virginia with his head crammed with all sorts of relevant information about the New Left. He had artfully pumped a whole roomful of students dry.

Dos was forever young, forever growing. The liberals would have you think he came back from Spain in 1937 merely to sulk and to pour vitriol over the New Deal in novels that do suffer a bit from Dos Passos' boredom with political types. Actually, Dos Passos had experienced a crisis in Spain that became his new opportunity. He had been horrified when his old friend, Ernest Hemingway, counseled him to keep mum about the Stalinist plot against the anarcho-syndicalists. (Despite his bravado, Hemingway feared the New York reviewers.) Dos, caring very little about his own reputation, turned from his old preoccupation with the contemporary scene to make a long and thorough study of the founding of the American Republic. He wanted, as he put it in the title of the first of his notable historical books, to discover *The Ground We Stand On*. His fiction became a part-time thing when his passion for portraiture and description, his wonderful "painter's eye" impressionism, was diverted to such works as *The Head and Heart of Thomas Jefferson*, *The Men Who made the Nation* and *Prospects of a Golden Age*. Later he put his skill as a researcher and his novelist's eye for telling detail to good use in writing one of the best books about the abortive crusade to make the world safe for democracy, *Mr. Wilson's War*.

Coming of age in the Harvard that had nurtured John Reed and Walter Lippmann, Dos Passos, like others of his generation who became ambulance drivers in World War I, thought freedom must exist in something that would be found on the other side of capitalism. Psychologically the young Dos Passos, whose birth was not "regularized" until his parents were married in his teens, had been governed by a love-hate attitude toward his father, an extreme individualist who was a Gold Democrat, a corporation lawyer and an idolator of the eighteenth century. Both objective and subjective factors combined to put a rebellious young Harvard man well to the left, but it is significant that he always loved the anarcho-syndicalists of the Latin coun-

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tries far more than he loved the Marxist ideologues and the trade union bonzes of the North. With his great zest for life, his astounding psychological resilience, Dos kept probing his own attitudes. He came to terms with his father's memory without psychiatric intervention, and he took it philosophically that maturity must involve the "shedding of friendships." As he wrote in *The Best Times*, a book which contains the revealing memoir of his father: "When the meaning of political slogans turns topsy-turvy every few years, anyone who tries to keep a questioning mind, matching each slogan with its real-life application, each label with the thing itself, has to put up with having old friends turn into unfriends and even into enemies . . ."

But Dos didn't know what it was to nurse grudges, to hate people or to remain immured in the past. He turned from his disillusion with the collectivist Left to a positive identification with the check-and-balance liberalism of James Madison, he bounded from the personal tragedy of the automobile accident that killed his first wife Katy to make a beautiful second marriage, and he continued to be one of the great travelers and great travel-writers of his age. At the age of seventy he, with his wife Betty, learned Portuguese, a difficult language, in order to benefit from continuing trips to Brazil. And, in a jolting plane, he risked his health at the age of 72 to satisfy his curiosity about Easter Island, that lonely outpost in the South Pacific some two thousand miles off the coast of Chile. He finished his book about Easter Island and its strange sculptures in a hospital when recovering from a first heart attack. Psychologically he always felt he was going to live forever; realistically, he said he would retire as a writer when the undertaker marched through the door.

Dos Passos couldn't live in the flesh forever, but as long as there is freedom to read and to write he will live as one of the chief ornaments of a great age. With Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, he was one of a Big Four. Now we don't even have a Big One.

—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Notes & Asides

■ *Every two or three weeks, a junior editor prepares a report on the fortnight's mail-to-the-editors. It occurs to me that a sample of such a report might interest you. The following was done by Linda Bridges, a recent graduate of the University of Southern California, a major in French literature . . .*

BIG DRAWS

Cupcakeable: Lots and lots of letters, all of them nasty [USC-ese for "unfavorable"—Ed.] except two which mention the article in passing, amidst general praise of the Sept. 22 issue, and the postscript of a personal letter from a friend (she says: "Bring Mr. Buckley a huge cupcake with Hershey's chocolate frosting as a reward for analysis-satire well done."). Samples of the angry mail: "tasteless trivia. . . . Have you gone senile?" "It saddens me to think a Christian gentleman would consider publishing it." "That issue of *NR* would be welcomed by any leering lecher." "Why regurgitate slime?" "*NR* is slipping into the slick but sleazy sophistication of the pagan journals. Couldn't we have more moonlight & roses with violins and harps aplenty?" (So help me!)

Capp: Mixed reactions. Generally favorable and unspecific —these just say they liked to see this bit of honest reporting at last and no more kowtowing to the kids, etc. One Princeton student liked it. By far the majority approved of the article. However, there were three angry letters. Two of them were pretty dumb, but one was quite intelligent—said Capp is never going to convince anyone that needs convincing with his combination of high rhetoric and Don Rickles type of insults.

Other Articles: Charles Coe is worse than Eldridge Cleaver because Cleaver thinks that humans are beasts whereas Coe makes the mistake of thinking that Vietcong are human and have real thought-processes and emotions. . . . Angry postcard says that Henry Dibble does not know what he is doing: There was no "Kennedy Administration" in 1960. . . . A Texas aficionado liked Reid's bullfighting piece (oddly enough, no ASPCA-types write in this time). . . . Two women do not like van den Haag's Women's Lib article. One of them quotes—seriously—from an article entitled "Woman as Nigger"; says that men are just plain nasty and prejudiced, so we need legislation if women are ever going to rise out of the shackles of oppression.

Editorials, Reviews, Columns: Poor Francis Russell is not the most popular man in Boston these days. . . . And then someone said that if Russell thinks that what Patton (as portrayed in the movie) exhibited was fundamentalist piety, than FR just doesn't know what f.p. is. He claims that Patton was basically superstitious, not religious, and that "he had a mechanistic view of God, whom he tried to manipulate by prayer." . . . Someone wants to know if JB was so mistaken as to think that majority rule could be taken seriously. . . . Re the news that breathing NYC air is equivalent to smoking three packs a day, someone wants to know if Mayor John will be compelled to put up a sign on the outskirts of the city saying, "Warning! Breathing may be hazardous to your health." . . . A charming Professor of Comp. Lit. takes Moses to task for saying that Puritans burned witches; they hanged 'em, says he. (He also remarks that a) *NR* regularly puts neutrals in the lowest circle of hell, and b) we shouldn't, not only because Dante didn't, but because to do so is to regard as worthy of "hell's best" people who are too cowardly and wishy-washy to deserve it.)

—WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

THE BLACK NATION

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

In its September 22 issue *NR* carried a brief review by J. D. Kirwan of Theodore Draper's *The Rediscovery of Black Nationalism*. The reviewer finds in the author confirmation of his own estimate of black nationalism: "hate-sodden irrationalities"; "a fuzzy abstraction [which] lends itself to all manner of slogan chanting and heavy emotional hoopla"; "inherent contradictions stick out like guns on a campus"; "basic false premise of racial collectivism"; "lost in a web of esoteric confusion. . . ."

If black nationalism is analyzed as a theoretical concept, the Draper-Kirwan finding of "irrationality-confusion-contradiction" is no doubt valid, but we should not suppose that black nationalism as an historical force can be laid to rest with this formal conclusion. If only rational, clear, consistent concepts were operative in history, nothing much would have happened.

A nation (and who can say exactly what a "nation" is?) does not leap out fully formed from the forehead of time. Its birth may be a very long agony. There now exist in the world 187 or 162 or something like that officially recognized nations, and there are several score additional groups of human beings claiming to be nations. Are Nigeria, Yemen, the Democratic Republic of Congo (Kinshasa), Kenya, Mauritius, South Vietnam "really" nations? You can't answer just yes or no. They, or some of them, are *becoming*, or may become, nations. Nigeria is considerably more of a nation than fifteen years ago, and more by a quantum jump than before its civil war. Congo, looked at under one lens, is an aggregate of tribes, but it is also much more of a nation than before the Katanga war, the Stanleyville revolt and the expropriation of the big mining enterprises.

Draper states that black nationalist sentiment dates back at least to the beginning of the nineteenth century—time enough to prove pretty solid staying power. Until fifty years ago it usually expressed itself in Back-to-Africa form, as it still sometimes does, but beginning in the period between the two world wars attempts were made to locate it somehow or other within the geographical boundaries of the United States. The Communist Party doctrine of "Self-Determination for the Black Belt" was one of the best known variants in that period, though it never made much headway then in the black community.

Black is Black

It is in the past decade that black nationalism has been taking giant steps. Black is Beautiful, Black Studies, Afro Style, Black Poetry, Black Mathematics, Black Panther, Black Power—it's all "slogan chanting" no doubt, but the chanting is all to the nationalist tune. Crispus Attucks was probably an Indian and probably drunk on March 5, 1770 when a British bullet killed him, but this does not disqualify Attucks from being transformed into the Black Hero who was the first martyr in the American struggle for liberation. After all, George Washington may not really have chopped down that cherry tree or tossed the silver dollar quite all the way across the Delaware.

Actions, as always, are speaking louder than words. It is by act—by demonstrations and riots, organizing and disrupting, confrontations and non-negotiable demands, songs and novels and tracts, arson, looting, free breakfasts, takeovers, bombings and killings, international rounds of revolutionary capitals, the clothing (uniforms, rather), guns and hairdos—that the black activists are forging and shaping their nationalism. And Fanon is right in his facts about violence, however it may be about his evaluation. Of course violence is an indispensable part of a nationalism moving from idea to act. Whoever heard of a nationalism without violence?

There is a double irony. Integration's triumph in law coincides with its collapse in fact; black nationalism swells as integration deflates. Forced integration turns out to be the surest way to force blacks and whites apart—into a "re-segregation" more complete than the initial segregation. No one (except in ceremonial talk) believes any longer that mass integration is possible; few that it is desirable. Integration has lost its historical dynamism—if it ever had any apart from the guilt-ridden fantasies of liberals. It is black nationalism that is presently dynamic, creative. To know that, we need only look and listen.

Where Is the Homeland?

But true nationalism must have a territorial base, acreage, a homeland? That does not seem essential. The Jews lacked acreage for nearly two thousand years, but remained (among other things) a nation. The gypsies are on principle without territorial root, and are a nation. There was never a nation of Algeria until, a few years ago, the revolutionary fellahin created it.

And is it true that the black nation has no territory? Ask a New York taxi driver who rules in Harlem, or a Chicago cop, who in the Cabrini-Greene complex. The sovereign is he who controls the streets, the thoroughfares. Test it out.

It is in the cards that during the next decade the black nation will take control of several entire cities, with a few whites remaining, as in the black African nations, to carry out technical and administrative functions. Is it inconceivable that, in the decade following, the territory of the black nation might expand also to parts of the hinterland? Is it even certain that this would be so dreadful an outcome? Kirwan affirms it "symptomatic of the philosophic mess America is in today" that black nationalism should be considered "a viable alternative" by "congressmen and academicians." Black nationalism may not be the most attractive imaginable prospect, but as an "alternative" it is a damn sight more "viable" than integration. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Image-Makers Beware

ALISTAIR COOKE

A THEORY about the Tory victory perhaps not of blinding originality was put to me the other day by a good friend of mine. It was that perhaps Mr. Heath was helped to his surprising triumph by the bad press he'd had all along. Maybe, my friend pondered, maybe people are slowly, quietly, firmly reacting against the image-makers and the images they create. I have not seen Mr. Wilson often enough to know how much his rumply air of comfort, his steady blue eyes, his way of suggesting with the slightest smile that he knows more than you do but he's sporting enough to think you should have your say—how much this is the God-given character of Harold Wilson and how much of it has been created and successfully foisted on the original flesh and blood.

Anyway, my friend's idea is that while Mr. Wilson's latter-day impression of jaunty confidence and the ability to cope may be genuine enough, there were large numbers of people who were more drawn to Mr. Heath because no press kit, no public relations cosmetician had been able to make him acquire any phony charm or synthetic bounce.

There is no need to accept this particular application of the theory in order to admit that there is something in it. The image-making business is fraught with peril—the subject may be allergic to the grafting process. But most ordinary decent people feel, I think, that it is essentially a trick and a blowsy one. Of course, in its crudest forms it can provide a lot of happy laughter for us all. I suppose movie stars were the prototypes for the original experiments in image-making. During the early 1920s, somebody decided—and don't ask me who or why—that a movie actress must be something strange and weirdly sexy, a siren from some other world than ours. So an original name—Sally Boop, say—was changed to something like Nastasia La Verne. If she was married, her press agents kept it from us; and, worse, if she had children, it was never mentioned or strenuously denied. Then, evidently, the public appetite for these Ruritanian Cleopatras and sand-dune Mata Haris began to cloy. So now a girl whose genuine monicker was Lucille La Sueur was rechristened Joan Crawford, and it was proved that you too, with an honest American name, if you had the right bone structure and piercing big eyes, could be a home-town siren. This seemed to satisfy more of the people more of the time than any other entertainment formula. In fact it was pushed to the point where the assumption (based on an old Arab proverb) was that the girl of your dreams you roam the earth to find lives right next door, in the well-scrubbed, button-nosed, dimply person of Doris Day.

The success of these stereotypes depends on whom they're tried out on. Joan Crawford *was* impressive as the stunning girl on the other side of town you'd never noticed. Doris Day was, and apparently is, the rollicking, adorable but no-nonsense home girl she is made out to be.

BUT SOMETIMES, as they say of inoculations, it doesn't take. And this causes anxiety in the subject of the operation and vague discomfort in the people looking on. I think of an actress, who shall be nameless, who first appeared in the movies with slant eyes, a vagrant lock of hair and a general come-hither look. This was, in fact, a come-on in a very downright, comical and handsome girl. But the casting directors made the mistake for years of taking this first put-on seriously. She was cast, with depressing regularity, as an exotic, an apprentice spy, a fatal lady with a secret heartbreak, a solemn love object whose first glance doomed every man. Now, in private, this girl was and is a mischievous, mocking, loose-limbed cynic, about as inclined to lie back in boudoirs as a gazelle or a koala bear. The audience must have sensed something was wrong, because she always looked handsome but fairly uncomfortable, which indeed she was.

I won't jerk your tears any longer over the martyrdom of this splendid girl. After years of indifferent pictures and suffering through what she clearly felt was the absurdity of the whole romantic routine, a friend in the business had the daring idea of casting her as herself. She was an instant delight. And last winter she came bounding on to a New York stage and stayed there for three hours as herself: a mad, funny, downright comical girl combining the grace of Carole Lombard, the malarkey of Mae West, the husky skepticism of the old Jean Arthur, and a quicksilver charm and irony all her own. Well! Quite a combination. So it is. Lauren Bacall—a name she chuckles over—became herself, and the audience knew it, as about a year from now London will know it too. And they welcomed her as the prodigal hot-footing home. As, apparently, they did with plain Ted Heath, who was similarly immune to the ministrations of the image-grafters.

I'd like to think this is so, because the assumption that a successful performer must be a product created by public relations men is spreading to the unlikeliest fields. There is, for instance, a golfer, himself a smooth, quick and commanding performer. He used to dress modestly, talk little, smile rarely and pucker his face in genuine distress when he hit an iron with something less than his perfect timing. About a year ago, he got a new manager. The man decided that it wasn't enough for his client to be considered one of the best half-dozen golfers alive. He must not *be*, he must radiate. Does not Arnold Palmer come to the first tee, hitch his trousers, take his stance, wham the ball, bend over to follow it with the anxiety of a bird watcher spotting his first triple-crested tern, hitch his trousers again and go marching down the fairway, with several thousand idolaters panting at his heels? It is true. This, however, is the natural Palmer, and nothing the cosmetics industry can do can match what he was born with: which is gallantry, the air of a self-sufficient male, and—the secret ingredient which cannot be consciously applied—charm. For surely charm is that part of a person's attraction which he or she doesn't know about.

Well, the pr men, as I say, have moved into championship golf, as well they might, since money moved in first. And wherever there is 10 per cent to be collected from another man's talents, the procurers and the image-makers swarm. This other man I was telling you about

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started to appear in peacock sweaters and lemon pants. He grinned all the time. A publicity release appeared at one tournament which began: "Joe Blow is a regular guy and likes other regular guys, Mom and apple pie." Honest. It had the effect, not of turning our attention to him closer for evidence of unsuspected fascination. It had the effect of turning our stomachs.

In politics, I gather, it is now taken for granted by the insiders that no man writes his own speeches. The public can be fooled to the extent that the script matches what you would like the man to be. Everybody must have noticed by now the sinuous, eloquent and ironical prose style of Vice President Agnew. I have no idea what Mr. Agnew's own prose style is like, or whether in fact he has one. But I do know that his speeches are written by a certain Mr. B., one of the most gifted ghosts who has ever appeared in the White House. And who is Mr. Agnew? Honestly, I don't know. But he is a marvelous vehicle for the thoughts of his ghost. However, the danger here is that so impressive a personality might one day persuade the people to send him to the White House in his own right, where to be sure, I imagine, Mr. B. would still be on hand. But being a President is a good deal more than being the mouthpiece for moving prose. When the Russians start to sneak missiles into Cuba, what you must have is not a prose style but a character. This is the danger of the style that is slipped on like a cloak. Under it, as Peter Arno once noticed about his king enveloped in ermine—"all I wear under this is my underwear."

The case of Mayor John Lindsay is not quite as hair-raising, but disturbing enough. A friend of mine tells a story which, I am sure, is nothing but the truth. Before he was elected mayor, Lindsay presumably set down his own thoughts.

But after a little while he settled into the seat of power, where there is no time for the leader to say what is on his mind, even if he possesses one. Mr. Lindsay now travels with a speech writer, a joke manufacturer, a television director. Pressed to do a book review, the Mayor acquired a graduate student who had time to read the book, did so and wrote the review under the Mayor's signature.

It is not merely a comical business. It is a dangerous one, since it blandly passes off the convictions of a hired man for the convictions of the hero. I begin to yearn for colorless leaders who carry the private guarantee that out of the limelight they are superb administrators or patient negotiators.

Of course, best of all would be the administrator who is also a man of heroic character with the providential gift of a style to match. I am reminded of the time during the Second World War that Mr. Churchill visited the White House to review the war with the President. When they parted, they agreed to compose, and each deliver to his people, within a day or two, a radio speech on the scope of the alliance in the war. Roosevelt, who did a lot of his own drafts, had two speech writers in one evening, and they were toiling over the script when the word came through from a radio network president that Mr. Churchill would be coming on the box from London within the hour. The President was aghast, and snatched at a cigarette and rolled it nervously in his fingers. "But how," he cried, "did he get it done so soon? What is the explanation?"

"I'm afraid," said the taller of the two speech writers, "I'm afraid, Mr. President, that he rolls his own." □

Two Poems

May Day Soliloquy of the Chinese Bullet

Will Emily Post
Please step forward?

As a fresh bullet
What should I say

To the first blood cell
I will chance to meet

On my trip through (say)
The head of a cap-

Italist Daisy
Merchant? "Hello" or

"True freedom for the
Proletariat does

Not come easily" or
"Pardon" or "Oh. How red."

I do not like what
McKernan shouted:

"This goes—beyond Lenin
To become—almost—Divine."

That is too cold blood-
Ed. Emily! Emily?

Negation

Question:

Oh what is, what is the use
Herr? Monsieur? Mister? Marcuse
Of righting Hegel to his seat
And egging on the Red defeat
Of students for an eggshell
Tinker who saw the German state
As heaven's fifth estate?

Reply and Answer:

Mercy! Che a daze
Marx my words.

I deny. I deny. I deny.
An eye for an eye for an eye.
Karl cleaned out the sty.
And now you have me, me, me
Damning all of Humpty Dumpty.

—JOHN MCKERNAN

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FROM CHILE TO PERU

Is Peru's military socialism a dead-end for the U.S.? No, says the author, as he analyses the Velasco government and shows how it fits neither of the usual Latin American dictatorial molds—Right or Left

Day of the Generals

SELDEN RODMAN

THE 5-SOLES airmail stamp issued by Peru's military government is not not only an artistic success; it symbolizes very concisely what the generals, who overthrew the democratic-liberal President Fernando Belaúnde Terry on October 3, 1968, have in mind for their volatile country. The head and shoulders of an heroic young man are split down the middle by darkness and light; on the dark side (left) the young man is wearing a uniform and helmet, and in the background are the oil wells of Talara that General Juan Velasco Alvarado took from Standard Oil's International Petroleum Company (IPC) a few days after the coup; on his right side the young man is wearing an Indian's knitted cap while behind him a golden ear of wheat sprouts in the sunlight.

Peru, as I drove into Lima from the airport, had changed significantly. The expensive and offensive smell of fishmeal, from the nearby port of Callao, no longer hung over the runways: The herring that had given Belaúnde a boomlet of sorts had moved elsewhere or been fished out. The first sign that greeted me was YANQUIS DON'T GO HOME—BUT, IF YOU MUST PLEASE CALL US! At almost every intersection were posters depicting Tupac Amaru II, the descendant of the Incas who had led a populist revolt against the Spaniards in the eighteenth century, and from whom Uruguay's leftist kidnapers take their name. When I was living in Lima four years ago, only scholars had heard of Tupac Amaru who had once said, "Peasants! The boss will no longer eat of your poverty!" I noticed that the broad avenue on which the American embassy faces had had its name changed from Wilson to Garcilaso de la Vega—another descendant of the Incas who made good.

At the Government Palace nothing seemed changed: the gaudily feathered presidential guard in their brass helmets and hip boots goose-stepping as usual, the equestrian bronze (by an American sculptor) of the Indians' butcher, Pizarro, dominating the Plaza as always. . . . Yet here was the most astonishing of changes!

Four years ago I had always been made to feel like a hostile interloper in that marble fortress—by everybody except Belaúnde himself; they would take my passport away, frisk me, keep me waiting in antechambers for hours. This time, with no available scrap of identification, I was whisked into the office of the Minister of Information ahead of my appointment, and then taken to see the Foreign Minister with no appointment at all. The only "propaganda" thrust upon me was a copy of an article by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. from the *Atlantic*, reissued in Spanish by the government. Expressing to the first minister surprise that my history of Peru was still being displayed and sold in Lima's bookstores—it concluded with a panegyric of Belaúnde as "the best President Peru ever had"—Augusto Zimmerman replied: "Belaúnde was an honest man, with noble visions and intentions for Peru, but he could not control the corruption around him or do what needed to be done."

Outside, I took a taxi and asked the driver, an Indian in a tattered poncho, what *he* thought of the Belaúnde years. "Belaúnde," he said bitterly, "was not like Velasco who is *our* President; Belaúnde made millions!" When I told him he ought to know better, that Belaúnde was making a living teaching urban planning at Harvard, he shook his head knowingly and muttered something about secret Swiss bank accounts. What a whale of a propaganda job this regime is doing, I thought to myself.

What Are They Up To?

Propaganda aside, what *is* the military government doing? Is its program benefiting Peru or just deluding the Peruvians? And in relation to the United States, is Peru a potential friend, as it is so obviously now trying to be, or an inevitably hostile antagonist?

Here is the score, to date. The seizure of IPC, a few days after the 1968 coup, has already been mentioned. The next expropriation took place the following June when the vast sugar plantations around Trujillo, owned by Peruvian "oligarchs" (and one American company, W. R. Grace), were seized by Velasco's soldiers and turned into "cooperatives." On October 29, 1969 the government initiated a new policy of statism designed to "attract foreign investment" and "encourage Peruvian capital": It bought for $18 million the controlling shares of International Telephone & Telegraph, with

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the stipulation that the American component of that corporation invest $8.2 million in a telephone equipment plant and a tourist hotel. At the same time negotiations began with the Southern Peru Copper Corporation looking toward a $400-million investment in extended mining operations all over Peru. On June 1, 1970 the government, which had already decreed a monopoly on foreign holdings and exchange, sent its treasury agents into the banks to inspect the contents of every safe deposit box. This was a final blow to the oligarch "untouchables," whose control of the marketing of ores and fishmeal had already been taken away from them, and whose most outspoken newspapers (*Expreso* and *Extra*) had been turned into "cooperatives." On June 15 Banco Popular del Peru, controlled by the Number One "oligarch" family, the Prados (who, ironically, had backed Velasco in overthrowing that dangerous radical, Belaúnde!), was nationalized, giving the government control of many industries owing money to Peru's second largest bank. Later this summer plans were announced to reduce Peru's thirteen auto assembly plants to four, limiting production henceforth to a "people's car," utility vehicle, truck and bus; Ford and General Motors are on the proscribed list but Chrysler remains. Finally, on July 27 a General Law of Industries was decreed under which all large foreign or domestic companies will be obliged to reinvest 15 per cent of their profits in the company as workers' stock, until such time as those workers "who remain with the company" shall have 50 per cent ownership.

What is Peru up to? "We are not going to establish a Communist society," Velasco told an annual rally of businessmen last year, asking them to invest "as patriots." "The Peruvian revolution has no contact with capitalism or with Communism," he added this year, "because the former has failed and the latter will not work." These are not the words of a Castro or an Allende, and yet the military government of Peru has not hesitated to socialize key sectors of the economy—and always *in behalf of the workers*, who were making no such demands; and with no squeamishness about enlisting the support of such Marxian technicians, intellectuals and educators as are willing to play the game according to the generals' rules.

Time and again Velasco has pointed out that the expropriation of IPC was a special case. The Standard Oil subsidiary had been extracting profits from Peru for decades, paying minimal royalties, and trampling upon Peruvian sensibilities with an arrogance that even its reluctant advocate, the American embassy, privately acknowledged. IPC, Velasco insisted, owed Peru *double* the value of its seized installations. In no other instance has the military government refused to pay compensation. The sugar barons, for example, are to be paid off over a twenty-year period—and encouraged to reinvest *as capitalists* in smaller enterprises. The same policy, as already noted, is being applied to the communications industry, and the big smelting combine.

No doubt the enforced inspection of strongboxes was a high-handed measure, yet it struck at the root of a cancer that has plagued South America for generations: the flight of native capital to hidden European bank accounts, leaving foreign capital as the only source of the impoverished nation's growth. Taking control of 51 per cent of Banco Popular was necessary, Velasco said, to prevent the collapse of that Prado family heirloom which had watered its assets and was using "bad loan paper" to make further speculations instead of amortizing its debts. Similarly with the auto assembly plants: cutting out the wasteful duplication of so many models was presented as "good business" and "rational" in terms of the needs of the Peruvian consumer. As for the new Industries Law, it remains to be seen whether it represented creeping socialism or old-fashioned profit-sharing.

What do the workers, peasants, Indians and urban unemployed—in whose name Velasco and his generals govern—get out of this "revolution"? So far, very little but hope, not a negligible commodity. The Indians in the Andes are still outside the nation's economy, as they have been since Pizarro enslaved them, but Cooperación Popular, which Belaúnde started to enable them to help themselves, is getting increased funds; and family plots are being made available from large tracts of unused private land in the upland valleys. The sugar workers have lost their powerful Aprista union, which made them a favored wage enclave in the impoverished Trujillo area; but the 50 per cent of the new cooperatives' profits that don't go to the state for compensation-payment and marketing will be invested in new industries to create more jobs. The radicals who have replaced the Aprista union bosses are so zealous about holding the government to its promises that the fear of the "temporary" army overseers figures in a joke popular all over Peru. The story goes that a trooper who had moved into a Gildemeister mansion complete with bars, butlers and king-sized beds, woke up one night with a nightmare. When his wife asked him what it was, he replied: "I dreamt we were being taken over by agrarian reform!"

The General Law of Industries *might* give labor the incentive to work harder and with increasing efficiency; though what is to prevent a worker from selling his share of stock, or the company from buying it back again, is not clear. What, for that matter, is to keep the present handful of military men who rule Peru from switching back to their traditional alliance with the employers? Or from becoming just as corrupt as the bureaucracy whose "corruption" they struck to outlaw?

'People-Oriented'

It was to worry such nagging questions, and to get an estimate of the revolution's attitudes vis-à-vis the United States, that I spent a day talking to the Foreign Minister, General Mercado Jarrín, the Minister of Information, Augusto Zimmerman, and lesser officials. I had already satisfied myself that the intellectuals, with a little grumbling to save their Marxist souls, had fallen in line behind the brass; that the press, lest it suffer the fate of *Expreso* and *Extra*, was making only the mildest of criticisms of that latest bombshell, the Industries Law; and that the *cholos*, even in the unchanged *barriadas* with their million squatters ringing the capital, were still gleeful enough about the nosedive of the oligarchy not to be concerned about whether prosperity and jobs would automatically follow.

I began by asking Zimmerman whether further expropriations of the sort visited upon IPC might be in order. "None," he answered categorically. "IPC was a very special case, as you know. Our new Industries Law shows investors that in the contract they must now sign with the state, we spell out exactly how long they will be permitted to operate and how much profit they can make. So the answer is: the climate for investment is ready! We do need foreign capital in mines and transportation; but our primary aim is to mobilize our own resources for our internal needs."

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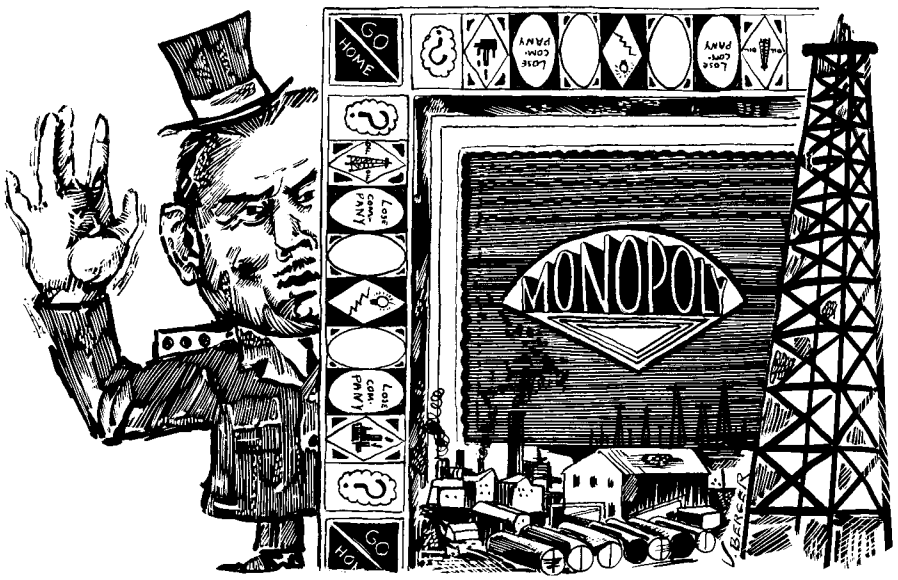

"Will you be ready to accept Soviet investment?" I asked.

"We won't turn down investment from any country so long as it conforms to our laws," he answered, "but I see very little likelihood that we'll have to need their assistance, or that they'll be in a position to give it if we do." And he went on to tell me about the collapse of the Russian promise to rush 65 cargo planes at ten minute intervals with supplies for the earthquake-stricken Callejon de Huylas last summer. The effort was abandoned entirely after the 22nd plane straggled in following weeks of delays and breakdowns. Moreover the $30-million credit from Moscow has to be repaid in purchases of Russian machinery.

"Do you want or need *our* help?" I asked.

"The word 'help' is obsolete," he replied. "We want collaboration—in terms of our peoples' needs, and yours. We have to grow up . . ."

"But what is to prevent your roomful of rulers, however honest and idealistic they may be now, from going the way of all flesh?" I asked. "Will you broaden your base by creating a political party of your own?"

"No. We will expand the Revolutionary Committees."

"But I've heard that General Velasco slowed down on these committees because their leadership was falling to the Marxist parties and being used by them," I said.

"How could they do that?" he replied indignantly. "We're a military government. It is *we* who use the far Left—if we choose to. They're no more a threat to us than the far Right."

Zimmerman gave the same answer when I mentioned the muzzled press—its fear to criticize or even discuss new decrees lest it suffer the fate of the two "cooperativized" dailies. *Expreso*'s new editor is a former Trotskyite, and the Minister cited that paper's advocacy of Allende's campaign in Chile as proof of its independence. He also cited the lead article on the new Industries Law that had just appeared in the once-Belaúndista illustrated weekly, *Caretas*, an article which he called "mercilessly critical." (*Caretas*' complaints struck me as extraordinarily mild, focusing mainly on the fate of those "unfortunate workers" who might lose their share of the profits if laid off or fired.)

General Mercado emphasized, as Zimmerman had, the government's resolve to get Peru's internal affairs "people-oriented" as a necessary prelude to renewed foreign investment and aid.

Into the Seventies

Should American policy oppose the new order in Peru? mark time? or collaborate on mutually acceptable terms? I don't think we have any choice but to pursue the third course.

General Velasco and his colleagues take a pragmatic attitude toward socialistic measures that is unique among South American military establishments—and that derives in large part from views acquired in the United States during the course of military training programs that we initiated. (The only other military establishment with a similar ideology is the one that has taken power in Panama.) Most of the officers come from the middle class rather than from the oligarchies that traditionally groomed generals to serve as "temporary" *caudillos* if economic interests were no longer served by the quarrelsome political parties. *The training acquired in the United States emphasized a pragmatic response to mass education and social improvement.* In the Fifties, these trainees observed the support given by the Eisenhower Administration to Paz Estensorro's populist social revolution in Bolivia, which nationalized the tin mines and divided up the landed estates among the peasants. In the Sixties they were impressed by the Alliance for Progress' insistence that U.S. aid be tied to meaningful social reforms—and by the oligarchs' success in subverting the Alliance with the hypocritical claim that it interfered "imperialistically" with the beneficiary-nation's autonomy. From discussion of such phenomena in their officers' training school (CAEM) emerged the ideology of Velasco and his colleagues—and their determination to make the necessary social changes on their own before the anarchy of Peru's lopsided class structure played into the hands of the Marxists whose *focos* they had dutifully dispersed in 1965 for Belaúnde. It was for this reason that they had no hesitation in putting some of the Marxist ideologues in administrative posts when they took power—and as little hesitation in shuffling them off to harmless ambassadorial posts abroad when they had served their symbolic purpose and been defused.

They will be brought back only if American policy seeks to isolate the new Peru. For they represent the sole remaining alternative to rule by the generals. The oligarchs, who had dominated Peru since Bolívar's departure in 1827, have lost every vestige of their power. The feeble democratic movement represented by APRA and by Belaúnde's minuscule *Acción Popular* is shattered. Only because the generals are *nationalists* above all else would they fall back upon the Marxist theoreticians, for whom they have contempt and distaste, or invite massive support from the USSR, which they fear. The generals are popular and they will control Peru for the foreseeable future. They want our help, as the predominant contributor among non-Communist nations aiding them, if we keep hands off their internal affairs. Should we play the game according to those rules, I have no doubt that our influence will extend beyond economics, and that both private enterprise and democracy will have a future in Peru. □

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MONT PELERIN SOCIETY

Galbraith Was Wrong Again

EDWIN McDOWELL

DURING a 1961 lecture in India, where he was then U.S. Ambassador, John Kenneth Galbraith said: "Not long after the end of World War II a sizable number of deeply concerned scholars from the United States and Western Europe gathered on a mountaintop in Switzerland to form an organization devoted to international opposition to planning. It never developed any great influence, partly, I am told, because of an ideological schism over whether navies should be socially owned or privately provided on a lease-hire system by the private sector."

Galbraith, whom no one could accuse of being opposed to government planning, was chiding the Mont Pelerin Society, even though—given his oft-repeated hostility toward advertising—he couldn't bring himself to mention it by name. His description no doubt brought a hearty laugh in Galbraithian circles. But when the 36 economists, political scientists and historians from the Western world met atop Mont Pelerin in 1947 "to discuss the future of the world, the free society" (as F. A. Hayek phrased it in his address to the opening session of the 1970 MPS conference here in Munich), another Harvard economist, the late Joseph Schumpeter, remarked that all the surviving liberals of the world were meeting at that very moment on a mountaintop in Switzerland.

The MPS has met almost every year since. Most members are certified scholars, many with international reputations. But over the years the Society has welcomed others who share the founders' beliefs in the importance of preserving individual freedom and dignity, and of preserving the free market as a principal instrument to that end.

Its purpose is to exchange views, not to hand down a party line. Substantial differences on various economic and political problems were very much in evidence here.

One of the many fascinating exchanges was that among economists Milton Friedman, South Africa's W. H. Hutt, and Lawrence Fertig. Fertig insisted that labor unions cause inflation. Friedman (newly elected president of MPS) not only said that trade unions "have absolutely nothing to do with inflation," but added that it was a "mischievous view for the defense of a free society, because it leads to demands for price and wage controls." And Hutt, the well-known anti-Keynesian scholar, agreed in part with both—unions don't cause inflation, he said, but "union policy makes inflation expedient by causing governments to increase the supply of money." The Society encourages just such disagreements; indeed, it is its raison d'être.

Although Galbraith dismissed MPS as never having developed any great influence, his remark is an example of the wish being father to the thought. MPS member Ludwig Erhard is more responsible than any other single person for West Germany's unprecedented postwar economic recovery, a rejuvenation that has been felt throughout Europe and the world. And Erhard, as the *New York Times* once put it, "learned his economics at the feet of [Wilhelm] Röpke," a former president of MPS. In turn, Röpke, who died in 1966, frequently credited MPS member Ludwig von Mises with having been an important mentor and influence.

Even Oscar Lange, the Polish economist then at Harvard, acknowledged in the opening paragraph of his major work (*On the Economic Theory of Socialism*) that many socialists had been unaware of the principal criticism of socialism—that it was intrinsically unable to achieve a rational economic order because of its inability to solve the problem of economic calculation—until it was pointed out by von Mises. (Although to say that von Mises' reputation rests on his criticism of socialism's inability to affix a rational market price, is like saying that T. S. Eliot's reputation rests upon the fact that he wrote the Harvard class ode for 1910.)

Toward a Free Society

The list of MPS members whose scholarship has had worldwide impact would fill this article, and one hesitates to mention some at the risk of omitting many others equally deserving. But F. A. Hayek (the Honorary President, and the actual founder of the Society) remains one of the world's premier anti-collectivist scholars. Milton Friedman is one of the best known economists in the world today. Paul McCracken is chairman of the President's Board of Economic Advisers. G. Warren Nutter, an expert on Soviet Russia's economy, is currently an Assistant Secretary of Defense. Stephen Tonsor, professor of intellectual history at the University of Michigan, wrote what President Nixon regards as the must cogent evaluation of college campus unrest. Economist Henry Wallich's columns in *Newsweek* (where Friedman also appears) reach millions of readers. Prof. Martin Anderson's analysis of urban renewal remains the definitive work on that subject. Journalists Vermont Royster (*Wall St. Journal*), John Davenport (*Fortune*) and John Chamberlain (syndicated columnist) have formulated the ideas and ideals of the free society for readers of the popular press.

And the names of F. H. Knight (Chicago), Israel Kirzner (NYU), Louis Hacker (Columbia), Aaron Director (Chicago), Gottfried Dietze (Johns Hopkins), Ben Rogge (Wabash), George Stigler (Chicago), Gordon Tullock (VPI), Sylvester Petro (NYU), Karl Brandt (Stanford), Yale Brozen (Chicago), W. Glenn Campbell (Hoover Institution), Gottfried Haberler (Harvard), and Harry Gideonse (the New School), are known even to Mr. Galbraith.

These MPS members, and many more, are leaders among the scholarly elite who—often at great cost to their private lives and professional careers—have resisted intellectual fashion. They understand, as one economist told the delegates, that the arguments for a controlled society are simple ("we have problems, so the government must do something"), whereas the arguments for a free society (that the indirect and long-range methods might be best) are necessarily complex.

That is why almost every year members of the Mont Pelerin Society travel from every part of the globe—not to argue whether navies should be publicly or privately owned, but to discuss the important political and philosophical questions of our age. □

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LETTER FROM JORDAN

King Hussein's Ten-Day War

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

Border of Syria and Lebanon, September 19:

"Stand up and fight; give the last battle. It will mean victory against imperialism and its servants." The message is broadcast every five minutes by Radio Damascus to all Arab countries. Another message from the fedayeen announces: "We are holding our ground. We are fighting and our morale is high. We have suffered small losses." Amman, meanwhile, is silent. From where I am we cannot hear its radio. All telephones are out. One thing is sure: The army controls the center of Amman and is moving steadily north wiping out pockets of resistance. Reports from Amman come in by short-wave radio. Their message is chilling: The city has no food or water and is plunged in darkness. No one moves as snipers exchange fire with the Royal artillery. Initially the fedayeen had secured the high ground surrounding the seven hills of Amman. The loyal Bedouin forces attacked at a disadvantage. But when they reached the fedayeen strongholds, after furious fighting, they found them empty. The fedayeen are retreating en masse. The report of the fedayeen radio that Amman has suffered ten thousand casualties must be exaggerated. A figure of five thousand, most of them unarmed civilians, seems more plausible. Because of lack of transportation and the type of war being waged the wounded have not been evacuated and are dying. They lack first aid, the most basic sanitary and medical service.

Border of Syria and Jordan, September 23:

The bloodiest week in Jordan's history is finally over. Although Amman, the capital, has been secured by King Hussein's troops, it may be a Pyrrhic victory. All week long conflicting reports have been coming in, with both sides claiming victories and accusing each other of receiving outside help. King Hussein seems to have emerged victorious in the south, including Amman. Syria has entered the war by sending T-54 tanks into Jordan. A surprising factor to everyone on the scene has been the loyalty of Hussein's soldiers. Most well-informed sources agreed that the King's troops would have to win fast or the Palestinian elements would defect. They haven't.

Amman's people are still hiding in their houses without food or water. Now that calm has returned to some districts, most of them are still without water and electricity. The streets are virtually paved with spent ammunition, mostly 50mm caliber machine gun shells, and the sidewalks dotted with the paper casings of 106mm recoilless rifle rounds. Hardly a house was untouched; gaping holes in walls, doors hanging crazily showing the scorched quarters within. The carcasses of armored cars and tanks were being removed by the army. The commando snipers had mixed in with the unarmed population. The army's way of dealing with them was this: First they would call by loudspeaker for the civilians to leave and the snipers to surrender. If the guerrillas did not come out they would turn loose the 50mm machine guns and 20mm light cannons. Tank commanders had orders to use machine guns first and only unleash heavier guns if absolutely necessary. The worst barrages were reserved for the hills of Djebel-Hussein and the Djebel Wahdat refugee camps. These camps were the strongholds of the fedayeen. A lot of innocent people were hurt.

Northern Jordan, September 27:

In northern Jordan the fighting was orthodox in nature. Irbid, the second largest city, was "liberated" by the fedayeen on the Wednesday before the shooting started. They dug trenches, stocked ammunition and purged all civil servants loyal to the King. And invited the press to visit the first "Bolshevik Palestinian city," as one fervent young revolutionary put it.

Two French photographers (both Vietnam veterans) and I arrived near Ramtha, ten miles east of Irbid, in time to witness Syrian armor rolling into battle. The Syrian authorities confiscated our cameras, but were helpful in getting us through once we showed our Al Fatah safe-conduct passes. Although the armor's insignia was Palestinian the task force and men were Syrian. The Palestinian Liberation Army does not possess T-54 Russian-made tanks nor is it trained to fight in brigade formation. The Jordanian Fortieth Armored Brigade was reported retreating south as we arrived in Ramtha, and the fedayeen around us were jubilant. Then, suddenly, we were told we would have to leave and were escorted back by the Syrian armor as it recrossed into Syria in orderly fashion. For whatever reason (it was impossible to get the true story on the spot), a retreat had obviously been ordered.

Beirut, September 29:

In retrospect the King emerges as a reluctant hero rather than the butcher the guerrillas make him out to be. He fought a determined rear-guard action on behalf of what was left of his territory after the debacle of the Six-Day War. Although unable to suppress the guerrillas, he refused to surrender all effective power to them and see inevitable Israeli reprisals destroy the rest of Jordan. The Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) had become a state within a state, and the King could either submit to all PLO demands—or wage war. The climax came when Nasser and Hussein accepted the American proposal for a ceasefire. The hijacking of the airliners and subsequent defiance of the Jordanian army was the last straw.

The King was misinformed by his intelligence service which told him he could take Amman in two days. After the fighting, the Jordanian army found houses that looked normal on the outside but had three feet of steel reinforcement inside the walls. Bunkers, mines, trenches and portable hospitals had been readied before the fedayeen moved.

Arafat's talk of thirty thousand dead and the "sea of blood of Amman" was a skilful exploitation of the situation in order to gain at the bargaining table what he lost in the field. Lybia and Kuwait have since suspended economic aid to Jordan, help essential to Hussein. On the other hand the King has succeeded in splitting the Palestinian movement. Although in the north and in certain parts of Amman the fedayeen are still strong, their *jihad* against Israel has been stopped, at least for the moment. □

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PENTAGON REORGANIZATION

In the McNamara Vein

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

PRESIDENT NIXON'S "Blue Ribbon" panel on defense reorganization has produced a plan that reads like something drafted by McNamara holdovers in the Pentagon's civilian bureaucracy. Gilbert W. Fitzhugh, chairman of the Board of Metropolitan Life, was chairman of the panel. His understanding of how wars are won seems no better than Robert S. McNamara's grasp of military reality. Mr. Fitzhugh apparently doesn't realize that wars are won by generals and admirals, not by grey-flannel field marshals with expertise in management.

If the Fitzhugh panel recommendations are accepted by Congress (which seems unlikely), the principal result will be a new layer of civilian bureaucracy over the nation's combat forces.

One of the key proposals of the Fitzhugh committee calls for creation of an "Under Secretary of Defense for Operations." The Joint Chiefs of Staff—the general and flag-rank officers with the greatest experience in preparing for and fighting a war—would be stripped of authority for military operations. Only advisory responsibilities would be left to them. In other words, they would become figureheads.

In the place of the Joint Chiefs would be the Under Secretary for Operations, a civilian without professional military experience or credentials. This is the situation that McNamara preferred and endeavored to create. Under the McNamara regime at the Pentagon, former academics even selected bomb loads for aircraft on missions over North Vietnam.

The Fitzhugh plan is further complicated—and its error compounded—by the recommendation that the Under Secretary for Operations have a single chief of staff and a staff organization duplicating the existing Joint Staff. Why one chief of staff is better than the Joint Chiefs, with their wide spectrum of experience and expertise, is not explained by the committee.

Another feature of the Fitzhugh report is a proposal for an Under Secretary of Defense for Resources. This individual would be responsible for all decisions involving military procurement and manpower. The departments of the Army, Navy and Air Force would be retained, but only as empty shells.

Consolidation of departments frequently works well in private industry. In government, merger of two or more departments usually results in a bureaucratic monster (cf. HEW). In all likelihood, the Fitzhugh recommendations for military consolidation would result in a HEW-type monster inside the Pentagon. It is interesting that the two panelists with practical experience in DOD administration—Wilfred J. McNeil and Robert C. Jackson—filed dissents to the Fitzhugh report. Mr. McNeil quoted Petronius Arbiter's words, written in 60 A.D.: "We tend to meet any new situation by reorganizing, and a wonderful method it can be for creating the illusion of progress while producing confusion, inefficiency and demoralization."

For citizens concerned with the capabilities of the U.S. Armed Forces, one of the most distressing recommendations is the proposal for grouping combat forces in strategic and tactical commands. Under the Fitzhugh plan, the Strategic Air Command and the Navy's force of missile-firing submarines would be under a single commander who would not be serving as the chief of a service. Everything from infantry divisions to fleet destroyers would be included in a tactical command. This was a long-sought goal of Mr. McNamara, but it makes no sense in war, because weapons systems have both strategic and tactical functions. In Vietnam, for example, B-52 bombers—designed for a strategic role—serve in a tactical support capacity. A missile-firing submarine may also be called upon to serve in an antisubmarine capacity—that is, in a tactical role. John J. O'Malley, military writer for the *San Diego Union*, rightly questions the validity of the Fitzhugh recommendation in this area, saying: "Just how wars or potential wars are to be classified neatly as 'strategic' or 'tactical,' the commission does not say."

Another unsound recommendation is the proposal for a new Defense Test Agency, under a civilian director and independent of the individual services. This also is McNamara thinking. The services should have more, not less, control over weapons testing—for the simple reason that they are the users of the weapons. Remember the F-111 fighter-bomber? The civilian bureaucrats in DOD insisted on an aircraft that they said would be suitable for both services. The Navy strenuously opposed the aircraft, saying it didn't meet fleet needs, but was overruled by the civilian "experts." The final product was an aircraft that failed to please anyone.

PRESIDENT NIXON MADE A MISTAKE when he failed to give experienced military professionals a strong voice on the Fitzhugh panel. The fact is that the real experts on defense are the men who wear the uniform of the United States and who have commanded forces in combat. Civilians from the business and/or academic communities have valuable skills to contribute to the defense establishment, but they aren't pros when it comes to war.

The Fitzhugh committee made numerous proposals, and each should receive careful consideration. It is apparent, nonetheless, that the committee members failed to realize that defense isn't just another business. The Pentagon isn't a corporation. The entire structure of the defense establishment exists for the purpose of enabling the United States to be combat-ready so it can defeat any nation or combination of nations that attacks it or threatens its interests. What is at stake in defense planning is the survival of the United States. It is imperative, therefore, that the actual control of survival forces be in the hands of skilled professionals. And it is equally imperative that the nation's armed forces be organized in ways that make sense to these soldiers, sailors and airmen.

Unfortunately, the Fitzhugh panel failed to recognize the need for reform along these lines. Its recommendations reflect distrust of men at arms, as revealed in the proposal to divest the Joint Chiefs of important responsibilities which they have carried out effectively in dangerous situations. In short, the Fitzhugh committee report is not a step in the direction of a stronger, more combat-ready nation. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

THE BAYREUTH TOUCH

IF YOU WANT to hear Wagner's music in its original, uncut purity, you must go to Bayreuth as my husband and I did this last August, to hear the four operas of the *Ring of the Nibelung* performed as a unit, rather than as separate parts. Two generations of Wagners have kept the Master's faith, so that even now loyal Wagnerites from all over the world come to make the pilgrimage, in evening clothes at four in the afternoon, up the sacred "Green Hill" to the Festspielhaus. The harder and purer disciples walk up, as Wagner wanted them to, and the softies like ourselves ride up in taxis or in their cars. But all are in a reverent frame of mind, and however iconoclastic you set out and however jokingly you may talk about Bayreuth trappings later, while you are there the Festival grips you tight, as one of the most wonderful musical experiences there ever was.

Provided of course that you like Wagner, or you won't be able to sit through three acts of uncut opera each about seventy to eighty minutes long. Which is not as arduous as it seems, since you come here just for this, and besides there are one-hour intervals to help keep one's strength up. I had always thought it funny that people should want to eat between the tragic goings-on of Wagnerian opera, in either a large and nice cafeteria or in a large and luxurious restaurant, where you leave your orders before the show.

But after this reviving between-the-acts practice you emerge fresh and ready for more of the most glorious music, gloriously produced in a house with superlative acoustics, such as one cannot imagine unless one has experienced them. No matter what you have heard about the Bayreuth sound, and no matter how often you hear it, it is overwhelming.

The Festspielhaus, which seats only about 1,250 people, is an ungainly big barn of a place, conjured up by Wagner, with great difficulties, almost a century ago. It is made entirely of wood, even to the ranks of Corinthian columns that recede on either side toward the stage, and the uncarpeted floor. The seats are narrow and, by modern standards, uncomfortable (if you must, you can hire a cushion for each performance—a small, hard one). The seats run unbroken by aisles across the theater and since most people book either for the whole Festival or at least for the whole *Ring*, as we did, you inevitably get friendly with your neighbors.

The reason why this set-up was never made modern or comfortable—there is no air conditioning and the electric lights sit within the great glass clusters of once gas-lit globes—is the fear that to tamper in any way with the surroundings might interfere with those marvelous acoustics, as well it might. The orchestra sits invisible under a shell, as Wagner wanted it, so that there is no division between the spectators and the stage, for total involvement. As the lights dim slowly, the audience, which has been summoned for each act by trumpeteers stationed on the front balcony with snippets from the day's opera, falls totally and unearthly silent. Then the sound of the music starts wafting up in a perfect, suffused blend of cream and satin and velvet and gold and silver and steel threads which Wagner achieved better than any composer before or since. This is pure, unadulterated bliss, and you never get enough of it, never.

WHAT STICKS IN THE MIND is the perfection of the performances, musically speaking. We were not enchanted with the new staging of the *Ring* produced this year by Wolfgang Wagner, a grandson and the brother of the now-dead Wieland, who staged his Wagner operas in a non-realistic manner which personally I thought stunning. The current *Ring* staging is not a heroic one, but a human one. It comes off best in the human scenes, such as the part between Siegmund and Sieglinde (sung by Helge Brilioth and Gwyneth Jones) and disappointingly in the figures that are meant to be heroic, like Wotan and the Valkyries. Wotan reminded me of a worried family father who does not know how to cope with his loved ones, in surely the most unfortunate situations ever sung from a stage, and the Valkyries were horseless, unhelmeted and jumpsuited (albeit all young, lovely and slender as all the female singers) like inmates of a girls' school.

BUT IF you do not like the staging, all you have to do is to close your eyes and listen to the incredible perfection of the singing and the orchestra, conducted by Horst Stein. To anybody used to the slipshoddiness of Metropolitan Opera productions, this is indeed a revelation. I asked Herr Wagner how he achieved this perfection. Rehearsing, rehearsing and rehearsing again, he said, some eight hundred rehearsals for the season, what with major and minor ones, groups, individuals, ensembles, singers, musicians and so on. How was this achieved, what about the unions? The answer was that you get hired for the whole of a Bayreuth season and all that comes with it, and you are glad, because for any Wagnerian singer or performer there is no higher place.

There is no Bayreuth Opera Company as such, but the people who perform there, apart from the singers, are the pick of the musicians, stage people and so on from all over Germany and also other countries, who come for the season, and then go back to their jobs. It is an international group that performs at the Festspielhaus, especially the singers, who are American, Scandinavian, Czech and so on. The majority of them are young, and as I said, very good looking, with interspersed international big shots like Nilsson who sang Isolde this year.

More about Wagner in the next Delectations, such as: "Is he important for our times?" and also about the other, ravishing, rococo Bayreuth which also enchanted us. □

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Attack on Middle America

Nixon Agonistes
By Garry Wills
Houghton Mifflin, 617 pp., $10.00

FRANK S. MEYER

This is a strange book. Its avowed subject is Richard Nixon; yet its real subject is America today—an America about which there is nothing good to be said, an America seen from a point of view similar to, if not identical with, that of the revolutionary forces intent upon our destruction (the black militants, the New Left, the counterculture). Its subtitle is *The Crisis of the Self-Made Man,* and it is sufficiently bilious in its view of Mr. Nixon; but essentially its bile pours out not against that self-made man, but against the America of self-reliance, individualism, aspiration, against the America which, unlike the nations of the Old World, has created itself.

This America of tradition, this free, capitalist, self-reliant America, Garry Wills scorns with a contempt that seems derived in equal measure from nineteenth-century feudal-socialist hatred of capitalism and industrialism, and from the nihilism of today's revolutionaries. The book echoes with the curiously mixed accents of Ruskin, Malcolm X and Tom Hayden.

There is no doubt or question in Mr. Wills' presentation. America is rotten and dying, and the only truth is the truth of its militant blacks and student revolutionaries. Nor is there any doubt in his mind that this small minority of vocal and violent elements represents the whole of the Negro people and the whole young generation. A few thousand obscene, scruffy demonstrators in the streets of Chicago prove not that they are dangerous brats, but that America is rotten and decaying: "The problem of the kids is central to America's agony. A nation that forfeits the allegiance of its offspring is a nation that is dying. That was the true menace of Chicago. These *were* our children in the streets—indicting us." (Emphasis in original.)

The book is strange also in another way. Since it is an indictment of America couched as an indictment of Richard Nixon, the seriousness of the indictment would seem to demand serious argument; what argument there is, however, is scattered here and there in a few dozen of its 617 pages. The ideas are insinuated through a kaleidoscope of sketches of personalities, personal adventures of the author, landscape mood pieces. This is, of course, not characteristic of Mr. Wills alone. We have come to recognize it as the signature of the New Journalism, the battle order of our new breed of *Esquire* and *New York* Magazine muckrakers. This style has in his hands, as in theirs, all the honesty, all the straightforward openness to rational discourse of the TV commercial.

The import and the message of the book is clear. I had to read to page 319 before I found any man (except an occasional black militant), or any American belief, that escaped Garry Wills' scornful New Journalism condemnation. Nixon (of course), Goldwater, Reagan, Rockefeller, Bebe Rebozo, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Adam Smith, self-reliance, the capitalist system, football (whenever President Nixon is watching it), the geography of Miami, Whittier College, Agnew (of course), "Uncle Toms," hard work, a home in the suburbs, pride in success, Wilt Chamberlain, Middle America (again and again)—and constantly, *ad nauseam*, the virtues, the beliefs, the entire *ethos* of the American tradition: one long paean of contempt.

On page 319 the heroes emerge. They are not heroes without defect, of course; the New Journalism cannot even admire without snide and superior disclaimer. But heroes they are, the noble cop-taunting, window-smashing, rioting amalgam of New Left and counterculture that turned Chicago into bedlam during the Democratic Convention. And now the music changes. Now all is sweet sentimentality. Where "the kids" are concerned, though Mr. Wills even here retains a certain Olympian and supercilious detachment, his tone insistently implies that *they* are the ones who know reality, they are the bearers of his standard against an inexcusable achievement-minded, open, rational, individualist society.

In defending them, he occasionally exposes the idiocy of ritualistic liberal pretensions in the face of the radical challenge. (He is particularly good on Woodrow Wilson.) But his attack upon liberalism is not upon its corrupt degeneration toward socialism in the twentieth century, but upon those aspects of liberalism which were and remain valid. It is the aspects of classical liberalism (its love of liberty, its openness to rational discourse, its support of the free economic system) inherited by contemporary American conservatism that are the target of his incessant attack. For example, in the course of an attack upon Arthur Schlesinger, a good deal of it warranted, he counterposes to Schlesinger's vapid liberalism, not American conservatism with its absorption of the positive elements of classical liberalism, but—"the kids."

"The rebel kids" give us the true critique. "To a philosophy built on compromise [they offer] the non-negotiable demand. To impersonal 'truths of the market' reached by consensus and group process, [they offer] the primacy of 'authentic personal experience.' " It is hard to catch the New Journalist in a positive position on anything, but if tone and context and the whole impact of 617 pages are valid indications, then this presentation of the viewpoint of "the

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kids" *contra* liberalism is not meant to expose the shallowness and nihilism implicit in it, but to place it before us as a worthy alternative to liberalism.

His attack on liberalism is in fact an attack on the American constitutional tradition, the heart and soul of contemporary American conservatism. Utterly ignoring fifteen years of conservative intellectual discussion and action, which have interpreted the combination of Whig and Tory in the American Constitution in a modern context and created a movement both traditionalist and libertarian, he falls back on the tendentious thesis of Louis Hartz, that the American tradition is in its totality liberal. The constitutional tradition, with its mixture of Hartz' Lockeanism and the traditionalism of John Adams and the lawyer Founders, as represented in the Goldwater movement and contemporary American conservatism, he views as a rag-tag and bob-tail of disparate elements.

But then, the American tradition, which Mr. Wills denominates as "liberal," is what he is attacking. He summarizes the American tradition in his conclusion, and "here," he writes, "in their original interlocking cluster (with Nixon at the center), are all the liberal things we believed in once, now grown unbelievable." But, with "the kids" (whose hope grows in the flare of every Molotov cocktail), he finds it "comforting . . . that we can survive our own creed's dissolution; for Nixon, by embodying that creed, by trying to bring it back to life, has at last reduced it to absurdity."

I HAVE NOT BEEN MR. NIXON'S warmest admirer, but this book has raised him inestimably in my esteem. If he stands as symbol for the American tradition—and the insight of a hostile critic should be taken most seriously—then he is indeed a great blessing to the nation.

Garry Wills in his revolt against tradition raises similar questions to those raised by *Triumph* Magazine, although it speaks from an older, more intellectually coherent, if rather fanatical, standpoint. Both are right that much is amiss in our country. Both, however, look for the cause not in this century's destruction of our Constitution and our tradition, but in that Constitution and that tradition themselves. Both forget that men are imperfect, and look for a society without the struggle and contingency original sin imposes upon us.

It is the glory of our constitutional tradition that it created the most effective system yet known to man to minimize injustice and maximize opportunity and freedom. The " 'impersonal truths of the market,' reached by consensus and group process" remain man's best guarantee of the good society. The mob rule of "authentic personal experience" is no better substitute for this, our heritage, than would be the authoritarian rule of a philosopher-king. □

FICTION

Going All the Way
By Dan Wakefield
Delacorte, 307 pp., $6.95

The Dick
By Bruce Jay Friedman
Knopf, 310 pp., $6.95

A Walk to the River
By William Hoffman
Doubleday, 336 pp., $5.95

GOOD PEOPLE IN TROUBLE

GUY DAVENPORT

The tribulations of the great American Middle Class are in the news again, as they have been for two centuries, off and on, and the present zymosis has begun to toss off some fairly robust novels. From Sinclair Lewis forward, perhaps even from William Dean Howells, the American novelist has tended to treat Middle America, as current jargon calls it, as a nation within a nation, and to subject its mores and style to scientific scrutiny. The rich and the poor have always made sense; their affairs, miseries and modes are classic, and seem to be the same the world over. But no one will ever know why the middle class has taken to wearing hair curlers in public, drag racing on the public streets, or smashing Coke bottles on sidewalks. Nor shall we ever know, Middle America being silent, why treeless lawns are beautiful, or drum majorettes significant, or the wasteland of Florida a desirable place to visit. We shall never know why the middle class makes everything into a lamp, or why the subject of the art on its walls is restricted to the Spanish bullfight and the weeping clown, or why, as soon as the weather is sweltering, it abandons its air-conditioned kitchen and microwave oven to cook hamburgers over charcoal in the backyard.

None of these ethnic mysteries is revealed in the three novels before us, but just about everything else is. Mr. Wakefield, an accomplished journalist and talented student of American ways, has addressed himself in his first novel to the high-school *Burschenschaften* of twenty years ago—the generation that got drafted for Korea, saw Joe McCarthy on TV, and knew that life was over once the last home game of their high-school days had ended. There is a strangely pitiful air about Mr. Wakefield's novel of that era. It was a time before the young took to being dope fiends. A beard was still an affront to the flag. Reading was a suspicious activity in a student, and the vast endowments of universities, extensive libraries and faculties of learned men were shrunk in the

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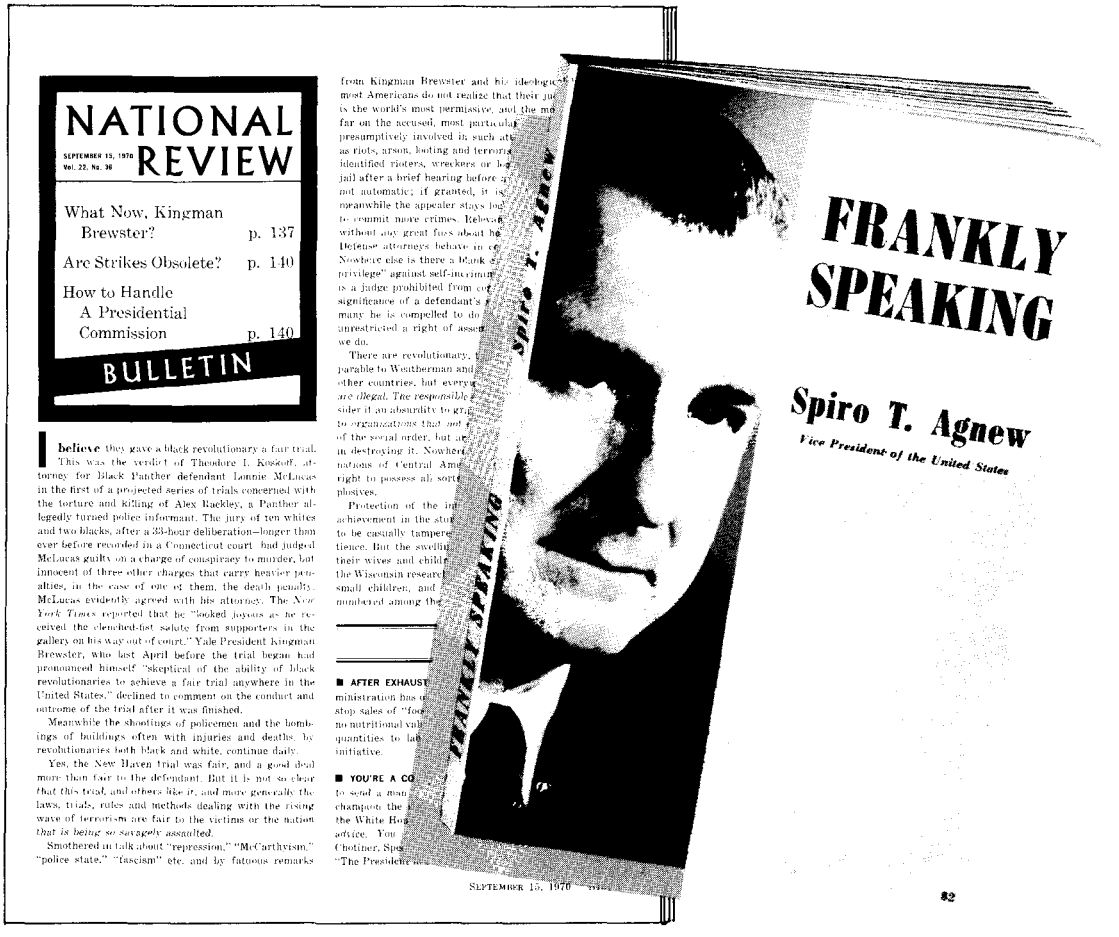

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minds of their students to the single reality of the frat house.

Mr. Wakefield brings together two veterans of the Korean War in their native Indianapolis. One is lumpy and lonely, the other is golden-haired, an athlete, a womanizer and illiterate. The former has sat out the war at a desk in Kansas City, the latter is a hero. He has also been exposed to another civilization in Japan, and has read part of a paperback on Zen. Each is dissatisfied with the Republic, and they pool their resources, such as they are, to elude the aching boredom of their spiritual circumjacence. The one's family is gaga on Moral Rearmament; the other's is the kind that sends off for art courses advertised on matchbooks.

They do not need to discover hedonism, which seems to be a product of Prohibition now permanently established. They see something constructive in photography, and have a vague notion that the life of the mind comes off of phonograph records. So beer, girls not unwilling, and endless circling in automobiles take over. Naturally they end in a wreck, and naturally the novel ends with their going to New York City to lead a more purposeful life. What does it all mean? Here are healthy young men living in a world which to Louis XIV would look like a utopia—the one detail of TV could keep the Sun King and his court dazzled for months. A Serbian peasant would regard their very shoes as a treasure. They have traveled farther than Marco Polo and have walked daily past libraries that Aristotle would have raged to enter. And none of it means the least thing to them.

Mr. Wakefield has therefore written a much deeper novel than he probably intended. He has defined what the world looks like without a tradition of the mind, and he has shown what anguish the young mind suffers when it realizes that it is alive and moving toward death in a world in which there are no objects except the automobile and the anatomy of a girl that it knows the use of.

MR. FRIEDMAN IS, like Mr. Wakefield, determined to understand middle-class life, and has chosen for his protagonist a policeman, more specifically the public relations man for Homicide on a police force that guards an unidentified suburb of a big East Coast city. If Bertolt Brecht had adapted "Fearless Fosdick" for the Berliner Ensemble, the result would have been something like Mr. Friedman's novel, the irony of which is thoroughly Brechtian and thoroughly wonderful. The novel opens as if it were going to display the American police as a hybrid SS Korps and John Birch Society. Mr. Friedman's caricatures are grotesque and obscene; every detail is in perfect bad taste. The novel ends quite differently, however; for what Mr. Friedman does with all this ugly exaggeration is make us see how much of it is bugaboo and how much is real, and how awful it is to be a man freighted with prejudices, fears, idealism and a wife who gave her virgin years to watching for low-flying Russian bombers zeroing in on Wichita Falls.

Beneath the super-American Mr. Friedman goes to great pains to find the man, or what is left of one. In this comedy of middle-class manners, all the characters are warped by their passions and prejudices, though never in quite the way we expect. Stereotype after stereotype explodes in our faces, to the liberal's dismay and the conservative's surprise. All good satire ends by catching the audience along with the villain in its snare. And Mr. Friedman, an hilariously good satirist, has laid his snare well.

Mr. Hoffman's novel is a melodrama of integrity, though it goes over much old territory and tugs pleasantly at the heartstrings. He trundles out the age-old device of the minister in a small Virginia town caught flustering one of the local housewives, interfering, as the legal phrase goes, with her clothing. Naturally, the town wants to tar and feather the cad, and naturally a Gary Cooper insists that the man's guilt be established before the fun begins.

At this point the novel becomes a detective story (and a love story, and a picaresque story) and barrels along with all the clip and excitement of a first-class thriller. Mr. Hoffman knows how to spin a good, meaty yarn, and keeps you reading right to the end. The plot does some fast, unexpected turns. I can recommend Mr. Hoffman as one of the best manipulators of hair-raising scenes in the business, especially if you have the requisite touch of acrophobia he's counting on. Basically, however, this is a novel about justice and the care it always needs to exist, and the peril and hardship demanded of truth before it speaks out. This is a very good and very human novel. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT THIS MONTH: Mark Lane interviews forty of his heroes (deserters, dishonorably discharged GIs) in *Conversations with Americans*, you should pardon the expression (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). . . . Manes Sperber collects his essays in *Man and His Deeds* (McGraw-Hill, $6.95). . . . Leo Rosten's formula for making everything all right again is set forth in *A Trumpet for Reason* (Doubleday, $4.95; paper, $1.95). . . . Herman Wouk's profession of orthodox Judaism (*This Is My God: The Jewish Way of Life*, Doubleday, $10) is updated in a Deluxe Edition. . . . *More Pricks Than Kicks* is ten Beckett short stories penned in 1934 (Grove, $5).

An Empire Loses Hope: The Return of Stalin's Ghost by Anatole Shub (Norton, $8.95) is a first-hand look at the other side of the Curtain, 1961-68. . . . David Mitchell betrays the slant of his *1919: Red Mirage* (Macmillan, $6.95) by chiding the *Times* for calling the Bolsheviks "human scum." . . . *A Voyage to Pagany* is a reissue of William Carlos Williams' 1928 novel (New Directions, $6.50; paper, $2.75). . . . *Netochka Nezvoznova*, early Dostoyevsky that's hard to find in English, will be out in a new translation by Ann Dunningan (Prentice-Hall, $6.95).

■ DECEMBER is normally an arid month for new books (the stores are too busy to order, the customers too busy to read ads and reviews), but Coward-McCann is bringing out one that deserves not to get buried under the Christmas wrapping. *Since Stalin* is an assessment of Soviet power by Brian Crozier, whose last book, a revisionist study of Franco, won bouquets for its balance.

■ NOVEMBER BOOKS. In *Yalta*, MIT history Prof Diane Shaver Clemens tells how wily, tough-minded FDR took Uncle Joe to the cleaners (Oxford, $6.95). No, it's not fiction. . . . *NR* contributor Harold O. J. Brown examines *Christianity and the Class Struggle* (Arlington House, $7). . . . Jim Garrison blames the CIA, the FBI, just about everyone but Oswald in *A Heritage of Stone* (Putnam, $5.95). . . . Following up on *The English*, David Frost assays *The Americans* (Stein and Day, $6.95). . . . *The Pentagon Watchers: Students Report on the National Security State* gathers the observations of a group of rads who catch the military in the act of trying to defend their country (Doubleday, $7.95; paper, $1.95). . . . *Some Naïve Questions about the War* is an expanded version of William Whitworth's *New Yorker* interview with Eugene Rostow, who "was the only high-ranking member of the Johnson Administration I found who retains both his belief in the necessity of the war and his eagerness to defend it in public" (Norton, $4.95). . . . Ayn Rand and Helen Gurley Brown turn up in Nora Ephron's *Wallflowers at the Orgy* (Viking, $4.95).

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The Passing of the Modern Age
By John Lukacs

Harper, 222 pp., $7.95

ORDEAL OF CIVILIZATION

ELISEO VIVAS

On the Right there are a number of distinguished critics of our civilization. To this group we must now add the name of John Lukacs. His book, a strong indictment of our world and a tentative projection of what may be ahead of it, represents a considerable achievement. It is not bloated with hatred as the criticisms of the energumens of the Left are, nor shriveled by the extreme ascesis of the work of a man like Friedrich Georg Juenger, nor flawed by the histrionic exaggerations of Orwell's dystopia. Nevertheless, for Lukacs our civilization is in its death throes and what lies ahead of it may be a new dark age.

The heterogeneity of subjects treated in the book makes it impossible to give an adequate account of its contents in a few hundred words. Three introductory chapters, presenting the grounds for the diagnosis, are followed by an analysis of the symptoms of our cultural illness, and a conclusion of three chapters, entitled "The Beginning"—of the coming age. The most interesting aspect of the conclusion is the *apologia*—for that is what it is—for our modern age. Lukacs convincingly argues that it should be called the Bourgeois Age, and expounds forcefully some of its values, particularly its "interiority"—the sense of inwardness—it has fostered in men.

LUKACS POINTS OUT that our ancestors foresaw many of the developments of our day, such as our science and technology and even the mass poverty of a socialist machine age and the horrors of some new kind of police state. What was not foreseen was the widespread despair, hopelessness, loneliness, boredom in the midst of material abundance and under the regime of increasingly meaningless freedom; in short, our spiritual hollowness. "What Lord Elgin wrote about Old China a century ago, has happened: 'The rags and rottenness of a waning civilization' have seeped into our midst. It may be seen around Forty-Second Street and Times Square in New York, within the once throbbing and triumphant heart of America's steely civilization." It is not its physical filthiness that "burns and scratches at the bottom of one's brain" but "its vile imagery." "This most crowded of streets . . . is now the hellhole of the world."

In the thirteen chapters of diagnosis a number of our activities are surveyed: the monstrosity of government, the impotence of the great Powers, the failure of fraternity in spite of the enforcement of equality, the emptiness of life, the fiction of prosperity, the failure of our increased educational efforts, the meaninglessness of literature and chaos of the arts, the destruction of nature, the decay of science, the updating of religion which involves a loss of faith and the erosion of morals.

The author's points are made in a sober, therefore convincing, manner; they are well documented, are the product of wide reading, shrewd observation and penetrating reflection. Since the criticisms are launched from a firm basis (we learn from this and his previous book that Lukacs is a Roman Catholic, born in Hungary, is a historian and much else), each reader will of course find something to disagree with in the book. I hasten to note that I found myself in agreement with the substance, if not always with the formulation, of the majority of the author's criticisms and that I found his argument freshly presented, if the substance of the indictment was not always new. For Lukacs has the ability to take familiar opinions and so "juice" them, so to put it, that he brings out fresh and deeper implications. He also has a well developed knack of discovering intriguing and genuine paradoxes where we are not likely to suspect them. Indeed, were he a leftist, one could justifiably say that he was a dialectical thinker.

Among the many disagreements I would put on record, let me note briefly only two. In his criticism of the arts Lukacs falls into an error tempting to conservatives. In cases in which we can accept the artist's sincerity—granted that, in view of the conditions of the market, it is easy to challenge it today—to ask the artist to do anything else than what he is doing is to ask him to lie. It is not the artist's fault if his quivering antennae lead him to offer us the kind of constitutive lenses he does. Again, Lukacs makes too much, in my opinion, of the problem of objectivity encountered by sub-atomic physicists. But the least welcome aspect of his treatment of science is his animus against it, in spite of his explicit espousal of the primacy of the truth over all other values. Expressed subtly in many ways, the least acceptable expression of it is found in the chapter in which he argues that science is now in decay—today, at the very moment when we are witnessing prodigious triumphs in physics and biology.

ONE GENERAL CRITICISM: I may be wrong, since I cannot nail down the point by specific reference, but I got the impression that Lukacs blames the condition of our civilization on the evil will of men. And this seems to me unworthy of a historian. For surely an irenic reading of history, insofar as it is possible, reveals that men nearly always act from motives that they take to be good. And this goes for monstrous butchers as well as for statesmen and reformers, whether political, religious or any other kind. Men fight the wars they have to, they win when they can and lose when they must. But it seems false to say that one side or the other is made up entirely of the devil's legionaries. Conscious evil there probably is, and error may have no rights; but who, today, can hold that he is in possession of the whole truth? Who?

All I can do is to illustrate succinctly what I mean. Take this instance: After a long medieval gestation, modern science was born and achieved its maturity between say, 1564 when Galileo was born and 1727 when Newton died. But no enemy of science can hold that, say, T. H. Huxley was on the side of the devil while Soapy Sam Wilberforce was on that of the angels. And yet, no one can deny that one of the factors—one only—of our present plight is the destructive dynamism of science, which has brought about vertiginous changes with which we have not been able to cope. Yet, to regret the development of science is abysmal obscurantism. Such a charge is not to be leveled at Lukacs.

But you would have Lukacs write your book, and not his own, my reader objects. Not at all. I would have him complete and deepen his stimulating analysis of our mortal illness, in order that we know why our civilization is dying. Had he completed it, he would have exhibited the full depth of our human pathos. We bungle forward trying to do our best but cannot avoid catastrophe. And this seems to me the greatest of pities, for suppurating with error and

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evil as is the history of the West, it is, all in all, nevertheless, the best civilization that man has ever reared. Why? Because it has given the person full status and primacy and because I know of no other that had built into it, as ours has, the means of self-correction. □

The Conscience of a Majority
By Barry Goldwater
Prentice-Hall, 248 pp., $7.95

VINTAGE GOLDWATER

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

It is probably safe to say that Barry Goldwater's best-selling book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, published in 1960, was the factor principally responsible for putting him on the national map as the chief political spokesman for the New Wave of conservatism then about to crest. Profound yet lucid, beautifully written, it probed deeply into the origins of conservative thought, and applied its insights to contemporary problems with a skill and success that impressed far more people than cared to admit it. There were those who charged that Goldwater was only nominally the author; but, after all, using ghost-writers is not a crime when it is done by liberals. There are men alive today who can visit the Kennedy gravesite in Arlington and read, carved in imperishable marble, their own sentences, adopted by and now quite properly attributed to the late President. And if the megaliths containing samples of FDR's immortal prose ever do rise by the Potomac, surely Sam Rosenman will deserve to have his initials inscribed unobtrusively on several of them.

A lot has happened since 1960, to Barry Goldwater and to America. He became his party's Presidential candidate in 1964, at a convention whose significance as a turning-point in the nation's history is only now becoming apparent. He lost the ensuing election by a margin that seemed to many to write finis to the cause of conservatism. Yet he was back in the Senate within four years; his son, Barry Jr., is a member of the House; and Richard Nixon, whom Goldwater endorsed for the 1968 nomination early in 1965, is now firmly ensconced at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. It is with a measure of poetic justice, therefore, that Senator Goldwater taunts his foes by titling his latest book *The Conscience of a Majority*.

It is a vastly different book from its famous predecessor. For one thing, nobody is likely to charge that it was ghost-written. Unmistakably, these are the thoughts and cadences of the man himself—published, one suspects, with very little editing, much as he spoke them into a dictaphone. This has produced a volume whose strengths and weaknesses could perhaps have been anticipated: intimacy, anecdotal pungency, discursiveness, an inevitable lack of profundity.

At least for conservatives, however, it is almost impossible for Barry Goldwater to be dull. His book is divided into four sections, the first of which has some extremely interesting things to say about the Senator's decision to seek the Presidency in 1964. It is a little hard, in view of the subsequent apotheosis of John Kennedy, to remember that Kennedy's victory in 1960 was a squeaker to end all squeakers, and that by 1963 his re-election was by no means a foregone conclusion. Goldwater, who had spent three years riding a conservative riptide, was looking forward to a frank campaign debate with Kennedy, along straight conservative-liberal lines, and certainly did not rule out the prospect of victory. Oswald's bullets ended that dream, along with much else; and Goldwater, unwilling to disappoint his young enthusiasts and to hand over the GOP to Nelson Rockefeller, accepted instead an uneven contest with a sly Texan who had not the remotest intention of debating the issues —least of all along straight conservative-liberal lines.

Part II of the book restates, in a free-swinging, over-the-backyard-fence style, Goldwater's views on three major topics: foreign policy, wherein he rightly condemns the "new isolationism" being promoted today by Senator Fulbright and other liberals; defense—a pet topic of this major general in the Air Force Reserve, and one on which he is deeply informed; and Big Labor, which conservatives have long recognized as a serious limitation on human freedom in economic affairs.

In Part III Goldwater turns his attention to the press and television, and particularly to their performance in reporting on political matters. Here the author holds something like a Ph.D. degree from the School of Hard Knocks, and he is unsparing in his condemnation of the smears, misinterpretations and outright lies to which he and other conservatives have been subjected by biased liberal reporters. It will be a long time before I personally forget his description of CBS newsman Daniel Schorr's account, when the 1964 Republican Convention was already under way, of Goldwater's alleged acceptance of an invitation to speak at an Evangelical Academy near Munich which was reportedly a gathering-place for neo-Nazis. Schorr's falsehoods (Goldwater had neither received nor accepted such an invitation, nor had he ever heard of the Academy) were promptly amplified by a *New York Times* mud-gunner named Arthur J. Olsen, who reported that Goldwater had been "in 'frequent and friendly' correspondence for some time" with a conservative Sudeten leader named Hans Christoph Seebohm, and had given an interview to the right-extremist newspaper *Zeitung und Soldaten Zeitung*—both of which statements were flatly untrue.

THE FINAL SECTION OF THE BOOK, "The Shape of the Future," contains chapters on youth, ecology and overpopulation. In the first of these, Senator Goldwater expresses a confidence in the general run

of present-day youth which, on the record, I simply cannot share. (The conservative minority, typified by YAF, is quite another matter.) He cites, to qualify himself as an authority, the impressive fact that he speaks on perhaps a hundred college campuses every year. I speak on perhaps a third as many, and I totally lack his optimism. It is true, as Goldwater doggedly insists, that the real troublemakers are in a minority; but they are, almost everywhere, a dominant minority, leading a bemused and plastic majority. When Goldwater calls for the

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eighteen-year-old vote and abolition of the draft, he is betting on strengths that simply aren't there.

But here we have come to the edge—and end—of Barry Goldwater's world. To speculate on what it takes to keep a society going, and whether America today has whatever that may be, is to step through the looking-glass that bounds his universe. To Goldwater, America is quite simply the greatest country in the world, and its people the greatest people; the rest is detail. Somervell, in his *Britannica* article on Queen Victoria, concluded that her supreme attribute was "the transparent honesty of her character." So, I suspect, ages hence, it may be said of Barry Goldwater. He is certainly capable of being wrong. His vision is limited to what a conservative twentieth-century American might safely be expected to see. But those who accuse him of sly motives end by demeaning themselves, and his very integrity of spirit becomes, at last, his most enduring gift to his country. □

Trial
By Tom Hayden
Holt, 168 pp., $4.95

TRASHING THE PUBLIC

GEOFFREY WAGNER

How many more orthodox versions of the Chicago conspiracy trial are we to be trashed with? How can any intelligent person read Tom Hayden's with other than a yawn? For anything approaching thought in the pages of this brave revolutionary (he boasts of spitting on an arresting officer—wow!) is so perfectly puerile, and indeed degenerate, that it can surely only engage sophomore City dropouts, as well, of course, as the excitable New York rubbishing scene. Having just returned from a 15,000-mile trip into the West and Southwest I guarantee that the average American in those parts, and others, is not going to have the foggiest clue as to who half the names, importantly paraded across these pages, are. (Renault Robinson? Stew Albert?) On finishing the book, or cry-baby diatribe, I really received the impression that Tom Hayden seriously imagines he exists.

He does so, of course, in some country "where murderous bullets were unleashed against tender white skin" and "even middle-class white children would no longer be safe from the paranoid wrath of the older, entrenched generation" (dig that *even*). Everything is "repressive," especially any decent behavior and consideration for others, and everyone except those conspiring to cross state lines to riot is "paranoid." The unparanoid author contends that in this country of his mind "special task forces have been established in the Justice Department to

go after the Panthers and other groups," and that "the Panthers held in jails across America today are no different from prisoners held in Santo Domingo, Saigon, or any other center of the American empire."

The trouble here is that "many whites cling to the concept of a 'fair trial' for the Panthers because they do not want to accept fully the idea of self-determination for blacks." Those who like fair trials are therefore racist. But racism is rampant everywhere (though always white). All blacks are instantly gagged and shackled. Hippies are given hell (if not quite enough, in my opinion), while "the U.S. Army keeps files on domestic 'subversives' " (delighted to hear it). All protests are invariably "legal," and just as invariably "clubbed down." Spectators are beaten for smiling in a courtroom—"The thudding of fists and the screams of pain became part of the pattern of insanity." Why, in a place called Chicago, "police wives filed for divorce because their husbands would not even make love to them." That's why they smash heads, see. In face of this shameful inhospitality to conspiracy by his society what would Master Hayden think, I wonder, of black Premier Eric Gairy of Grenada who has just introduced the cat-o'-nine-tails for any crimes involving aspirations to swarthy power or, possibly, any power at all. Finally, what does it matter what Tom Hayden thinks?

For he writes with such little control he can barely say what he means. "Dick Gregory takes an even more conspiratorial view of what occurred in Chicago" does not mean that Gregory's view is conspiratorial at all; it means, by context, that he held the view of a conspiracy against him. (Another nonparanoid.) Kunstler was "sentenced to four years on contempt charges for defending us" means that Kunstler was sentenced on contempt charges for contempt. And what is intended by the phrase "Judge Hoffman's neon oven"? Was the Judge really responsible for the temperature in the room? For the neon? Or has it to do, in the back of Hayden's apology for a mind, with insinuations about gas ovens?

He refers to the Judge as both a "madman," and a "monster," yet holds up hands in horror when Tom Foran, prosecuting, later calls Dave Dellinger a "sneak," goes on himself to call Foran's associate, Richard Schultz, a "freak." The term "racial solidarity" is used to mean what Hayden wants it to mean—racism when it's white, noble aspiration when black.

In short, another of those who can't say what they mean, haven't an idea in their heads and rush around shouting "Power to the People" as a substitute. Fortunately, the people themselves—as lately in the form of (repressive . . . paranoid) construction workers—generally know what to do with such appeals. □

Japan: The Story of a Nation
By Edwin O. Reischauer
Knopf, 345 pp., $6.95
Japan: From Prehistory to Modern Times
By John Whitney Hall
Delacorte, 395 pp., $9.95

THE RISING SUN

DAVID BRUDNOY

It may seem an exaggeration, though it is not, to suggest that before the end of this century, Japan might well become the most significant country in the world, as a global economic power, as a successful master of the many problems of the industrialized age, and, most importantly, as bridger of the gap between the white race and the other races. This at least is the well-reasoned conclusion of the new book by America's foremost Japanologist, Edwin Oldfather Reischauer. Few living Westerners have done as much to make Japan intelligible to the outside world as has Reischauer, formerly President Kennedy's ambassador in Tokyo, now (as before) Professor at Harvard. So significant has been Reischauer's influence that no American or European student of Japan has been untouched by his writings. Reischauer's two-volume *East Asia* (written with his colleagues John K.

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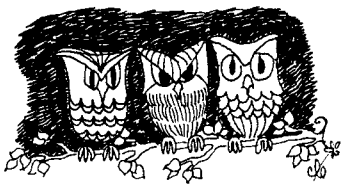
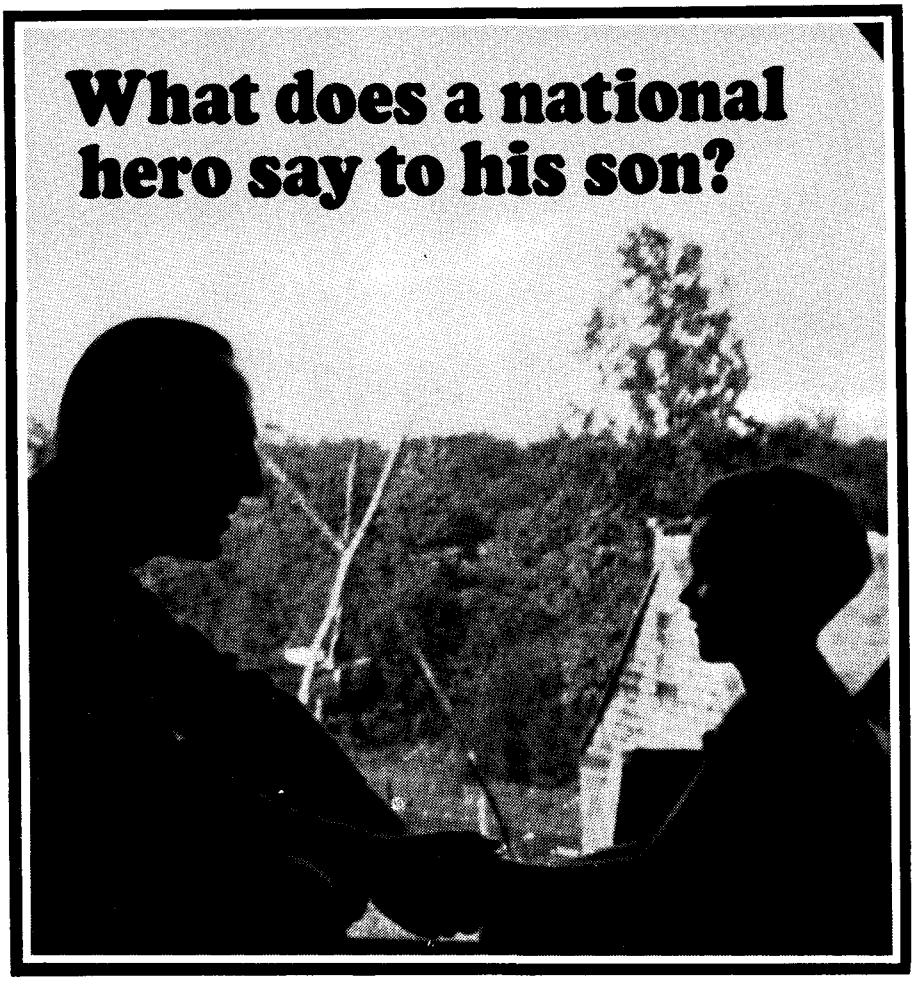
Fairbank and Albert M. Craig) is now the standard work, and his *United States and Japan* is in its way a classic.

All of which is by way of prefacing my disappointment with Mr. Reischauer's latest work, which to a great degree is a reissue of his *Japan Past and Present,* written in 1946 and revised in 1953 and



1964. Like that work, the new book skips too lightly over the years up to 1850 (112 pages), making of that section more an extended introduction to a modern history than a balanced treatment of the primitive, aristocratic and feudal centuries. An example of the danger inherent in this approach is Mr. Reischauer's handling of the religious ferment of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which produced the major Buddhist sects of later Japan: Pure Land, Nichiren and Zen. The compression of this story into so few pages serves more to confuse than to enlighten, as would be the case were a history of Western Europe to handle Zwingli, Calvin and Luther in like fashion.

THE BULK OF THE BOOK CONCERNS the modern century. But although charmingly written, like everything Mr. Reischauer produces, those pages suffer from the infusion of the author's ideology where it is either unnecessary or actually distortive. The dismissal of a liberal professor from his post at Tokyo University in 1935 is described as "McCarthyism in government [which] was outdone by volunteer McCarthyism on the part of ultranationalist enthusiasts. . . ." Mr. Reischauer's Japanese "tended to equate the American entrapment in the quagmire of Vietnam with the fate of their own armies in China in the Thirties." It is excessive to describe General Douglas MacArthur as the "most radical, one might even say socialistic, leader the United States ever produced. . . ." And, news to me, "many Americans, agonized by the disaster in Vietnam, also became critical of Japan's 'free ride' in military defense at the expense of the American taxpayer." These passages and others tend to muddy an otherwise reliable, straightforward account of the recent decades, leading to a question, albeit unanswerable here, as to whether the purposes of a scholarly history and a



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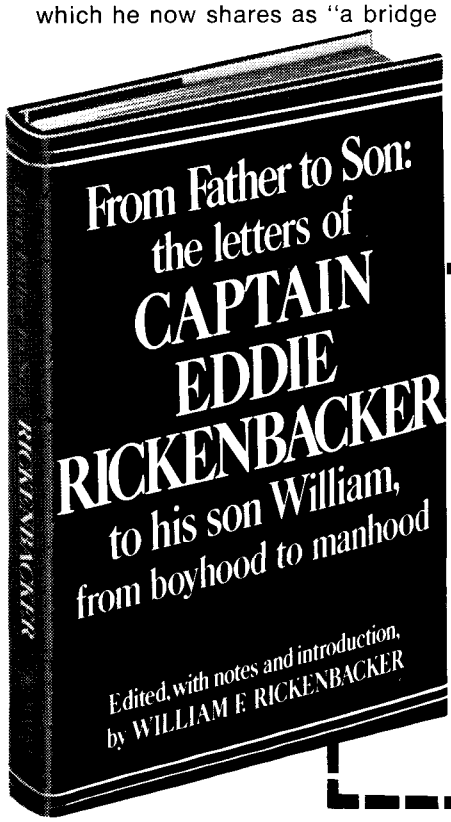

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semi-propagandistic tract can or should be fulfilled in the same work.

Much more satisfying in terms of balance, and completely free of partisan bias, is the Delacorte World History's volume on Japan by Yale's John Hall, a scholar as respected, if not yet as renowned, as Mr. Reischauer. Professor Hall finds the outstanding characteristic of Japan's reaction to the Western impact to have been its "success in maintaining national cohesion at the critical point of transition from a traditional to a new political order—at the point at which so many other countries have dissolved into civil war." That statement, one of his major conclusions, is preceded by extensive evidence and precise analysis and is followed by a convincing, if too brief, exploration of the later years. Especially notable in the last chapters is Hall's treatment of the 1930s.

We, who teach Japanese history, especially these days, are faced with the problem of differentiating Japan's "ism" from that of the other Axis powers. Hall handles this matter better than it is handled in any other general study I've seen. He writes: "To describe Japan as having gone fascist or totalitarian in 1941, as some writers have done, is actually beside the point. The final stage of Japan's reorganization under military mobilization and ultra-nationalist ideology resulted in social and political conditions quite different from those which characterized Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy." By showing how "leftist" and "rightist" movement of the Twenties and Thirties was, Mr. Hall makes possible an investigation of the nature of authoritarianism reasonably unemcumbered by the ideological catchwords which intrude, every day more obnoxiously, into all segments of the academy.

ONE MINOR and two major problems keep Mr. Hall's book from being the long-awaited one-volume complete history of Japan. He entirely avoids a discussion of Japanese colonialism in Korea (the minor problem), and, more disturbingly, he writes with too much detail—too many Japanese names and words, which will tend to put off many readers—and he virtually ignores the years since 1945. Mr. Hall explains the latter problem by noting in his preface that the emphasis on the premodern has been set by the nature of the series in which the book finds itself. Nevertheless, it is almost maddening to flip the final page of Hall's account and know that one will have to turn elsewhere to arrive at the present.

No non-Western nation underwent a period so similar to European feudalism as did Japan, a factor accounting partly for her phenomenal development along Western lines since Commodore Perry's arrival in 1853. No non-Western nation, not even China, is as likely as Japan to alter the face of the globe. It is particularly unfortunate that as yet we have for the general reader no fully satisfying history of this vital country. To date, despite the problems mentioned, Professor Hall's book comes closest to answering the Western Japanologist's prayer. It will certainly prove sufficiently popular that Delacorte should ask Mr. Hall to remedy its weakness, especially the lack of an adequate chapter on the contemporary period, at the earliest possible time. □

MUSIC

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MR. BEETHOVEN

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

When I was a little boy, a lady often came to visit at our house and I remember her because she was a writer of popular songs. When I was an older boy the lady visited us one day while I was digging into a sonata by Ludwig van Beethoven and I remember her because she bustled up to the keyboard and rasped at me: "Do you like Beethoven? I hate him! I studied *all* of his sonatas in music school, every one of them, and there's nothing in them. How can you stand him?"

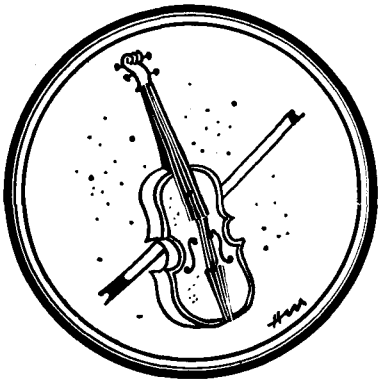
We are celebrating, this year, the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Master of Bonn.

When I was an adolescent, I discovered Beethoven. I listened to all of his symphonies and marveled at the sonatas. The gardener at a friend's estate told me that he loved the even-numbered symphonies but had only respect for the odd ones. I began to notice that the gardener was the only grownup I knew who listened to Beethoven of his own free will.

This season, for example, Rudolph Serkin was scheduled to play all 32 of Beethoven's sonatas, in a series of eight recitals at Carnegie Hall.

Still later in my career as an observer of musicians, I met a violinist who had known every famous musician in the last thirty years and who had played the violin for . . . but that is quite another story. *He*, it turns out, listens to Beethoven, but only the late quartets.

For an undisclosed reason, Mr. Serkin canceled the last four recitals. He will play them next season. This season, in



honor of Beethoven's bicentennial, we get half the sonatas.

And then there is the fine musician—conductor, recitalist, teacher, builder—who told me one day of an amusing episode in his home life. His older son came back from college one day all glowing with inspiration and jubilation. "Dad!" he cried. "I have discovered the most marvelous music! I have never heard it before! It's the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven! You have never played it at home! Don't you know it?" And the man went on to tell me that he had explained to his son that when he, the papa, was a little boy, he too had heard the Fifth Symphony of Ludwig van Beethoven and he too had proclaimed it as the mightiest masterpiece and he too had memorized every note of the score and the reason why he never played it at home was that he knew it all and could repeat it to himself if he wanted to, and he seldom wanted to.

Each of Serkin's recitals will include something from the early period and something from the later periods of Beethoven's creative life. As if, as if (do I dare say this?) the shabby dross will be accepted if we transmit it in the same assay sample with some real gems from the same mine.

Glenn Gould says the Appassionata is a rousing third-rate bore, about on a level with the Battle Symphony. He dares.

All right, what is it about Beethoven? I think it is impossible to overrate his finest works, and I think his finest works are a small fraction of his total output. Unlike Schubert, unlike Chopin, unlike even Rachmaninoff, Beethoven produced an enormous amount of mediocre, me-

(Continues on page 1123)

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

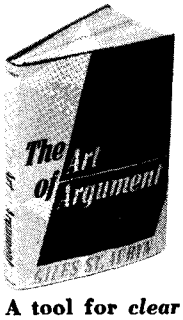
OPERATION OVERFLIGHT, *by Francis Gary Powers with Curt Gentry (Holt, 375 pp., $6.95).* Powers writes about the combination of American industrial technical expertise and governmental political incompetence. Lockheed's Kelly Johnson conceived the idea of joining a sailplane and a jet engine to carry a pilot and surveillance equipment at altitudes far above those attained before in sustained flights. Perhaps a review of government archives in another decade or two will reveal why the CIA used the U-2 only sporadically to overfly Communist countries. The Agency never asked its pilots to commit suicide, nor did it brief them on any other procedures to follow if captured. Powers, I think, is to be commended for his over-all performance. The CIA, instead of anticipating advancing Soviet surface-to-air missile capability and increasing the U-2's performance by decreasing its load, constantly added equipment, forcing Johnson to keep modifying the plane to return it to its original capabilities. Although it is obvious that Curt Gentry did nearly all the writing, Powers' descriptions of his motives and thoughts, of the CIA's operations, and of Soviet prison life are intensely interesting. Beyond a few tidbits offered by Powers, the reader is left to speculate about whatever the National Archives still holds as "classified and withheld from research" in Warren Commission Document No. 931, "Oswald's Access to Information about the U-2." How long will we wait now for more Oswalds and better Soviet technology to start knocking down our surveillance satellites?

D. B. DUVAL

THE YEARS OF MACARTHUR. *Vol. I, 1880-1941, by D. Clayton James (Houghton, 740 pp., $12.50).* The author, an Associate Professor of History at Mississippi State University, set out to write the first "reasonably

(Continues on page 1123)

How to Argue and Win!



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—Message to the Congress—April 21, 1969

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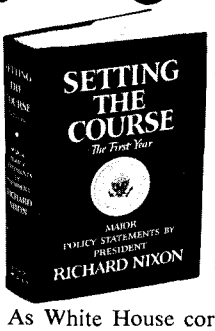
—A White House Policy Statement —March 24, 1970

VIETNAM. "The primary mission of our troops is to enable the South Vietnamese forces to assume the full responsibility for the security of South Vietnam."
—Nationwide Address —November 3, 1969

ORGANIZED CRIME. "We must declare and win the war against the criminal elements which increasingly threaten our cities, our homes and our lives."
—State of the Union Address to the Congress—January 22, 1970



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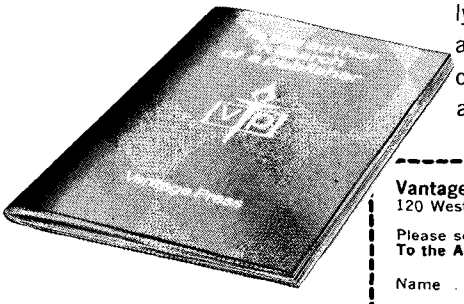

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[J. EDGAR] HOOVER:
Crime Does Not Pay
—But *You* Do

It is necessary for . . . businessmen . . . to become involved in civic organizations whose purposes are to prevent crime and foster legislation which will curtail this blight on our nation. Today, more than ever, there is a need for reputable citizens to be active in fighting crime.

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RICKENBACKER

(Continued from page 1120)

chanical, merely manipulative bangbang that should never have been frozen onto paper. Consider the awesome quantity of music composed by Mozart, Bach, Domenico Scarlatti, Verdi, Stravinsky. Consider that very little of that work falls below the level of great masters. Consider, further, that any gifted second-year composition student can counterfeit almost any work of Beethoven through the first half of his opus numbers with reasonable success.

Mrs. Brown, the English mystic who claims to receive music dictated directly from dead masters, has "introduced" some music she says Liszt gave her, but it doesn't sound like Liszt; the things she says Schubert gave her don't sound to me like Schubert; her Beethoven sounds *exactly* like Beethoven in his early, i.e., awful, period.

Let us now, strong brave men that we are, band together and take a holy vow never to connive in hypocritical obeisance toward the composer of the Battle Symphony. On his birthday instead of suffering once more through the unmanageable dimensions of his lousiest abortions, let's start a Beethoven Suppression Society whose purpose will be to stamp out all of the Master's works up through Opus 52. And ALL the goddam operas.

Then maybe on the three hundredth anniversary, people will not flood the air with undifferentiated Beethovenian junk. They will instead give us the few moments of bliss and serenity and redemptive vision that were vouchsafed this crippled spirit, and we'll be the better for it.

Footnote to Hans von Bülow cranks: I will not answer any letters from anyone on this subject, unless it be the editor's letter accompanying the check. My mind is made up. I have sold my soul. Aroint ye! □

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1121)

comprehensive, balanced and honest life-and-times biography" of an American giant. More surprisingly, he seems to have succeeded—as far as his published work goes to date. There *is* still time for Mr. James to stumble, since the second volume of his work will touch on the most controversial part of General MacArthur's life. By contrast, Volume I is a study of the man in the making, a process which, as the author points out, really began when MacArthur's grandfather arrived in Massachusetts in 1825, beginning the American line of a proud old Scots family. Thanks to the good professor's dutiful legwork (he interviewed most of MacArthur's surviving acquaintances) and scholarly research into the documentary history of the era, *The Years of MacArthur* is a solid piece of historical writing as well as a good life. Happily, the publisher has done a first-rate production job. Volume I ends just as the greatest phase of the General's career began, with American entry into World War II. Yet, already, the character of the man was fully formed. The mystic/dramatic concept of soldiering; the remarkable personal presence; the undeniable ego; the mighty will, intellect and idealism—all changed very little during the more celebrated years that lay ahead. Incidentally, amidst all the history, another picture emerges, perhaps for the first time, of MacArthur as a warm father and deeply affectionate husband. This must have taken some digging, but the results are convincing.

A. BAKSHIAN JR.

POPULATION, RESOURCES, ENVIRONMENT, *by Paul R. Ehrlich and Anne H. Ehrlich (W. H. Freeman and Company, 383 pp., $8.95).* This book is a comprehensive treatment of the population problem. As its title indicates, the authors believe that the population problem should be viewed as one of resources, including such factors as the limitation of space on earth, and of environmental effects. Their theme is that, having achieved the power to defeat natural controls on human life through modern medicine, and having gained unprecedented power over the environment, humanity must replace natural with man-made controls on our numbers and our physical power over the environment. The authors mar their presentation with leftist clichés and alarmist predictions of immediate catastrophe in advanced as well as underdeveloped countries. Still their essential message is about numbers, and it cannot be ignored.

J. C. MEYER

Arteries & Arthritis

Now Cleared By Tasty New Diet

A WONDERFUL NEW DISCOVERY, By ROBERT S. FORD, B.S.

Yes, a new booklet tells how arteries and arthritis are at last being helped by diet alone, thanks to a wonderful research discovery. Tells how you can clear arteries without surgery, and reduce high cholesterol and blood pressure without drugs or hardship diets. How you can enjoy a full diet of tasty FRESH food, and grow strong while your circulation and arthritis improve.

Modern research shows cholesterol and fat choke the arteries only when eaten in aged and stored form such as in sausage or cheese, but are harmless when FRESH as in shell eggs or meat. Cholesterol and fat slowly dry and harden like paint when aged in many stored foods, and can form deposits in the arteries only when changed in this way. Fresh foods are unchanged, and leave no deposits.

New light is cast on the arthritis problem: A network of fine arteries in the membrane and porous bone around the joint nourishes the moving parts. When these arteries are choked by hardened fatty materials from stored foods, the joints are starved and arthritis develops. Fully explained in the new booklet (third edition) with large clear drawing. Shows the beautiful self-repairing natural design of our joints, and how we hurt them with the wrong food and drink.

Best of all, it is shown that powerful natural forces in our bodies gradually attack and remove non-living matter. When we stop polluting our systems with the wrong foods, these slow but sure natural forces can catch up in their cleaning work. The arteries and joints can thus become clean again in a few months on the FRESH FOOD DIET.

A typical reader said with a happy smile: "Sixty days ago I needed plastic arteries. But I went on the new diet instead, and now I mow my whole yard without resting. My heart and leg pains are gone. Blood pressure and cholesterol dropped to normal. And those fatty yellow lumps in my eyelids faded away!"

Our easy-reading booklet gives full instructions and food charts for the FRESH FOOD DIET. Tells how to clear arteries and help arthritis, save on food, and reduce kitchen work. Effects of better food on face and figure. New easy ways to cook well for one or two. Diabetes control. Real sweets for diabetics. Ear noises, deafness, and dizziness. Indigestion, acid stomach, and general health aids. Pictures of arteries and joints. A new practical approach that really works. Fully guaranteed: may be returned for refund if you are not satisfied. Over 50,000 satisfied customers. People are saying they have never before eaten so well, or cooked so easily. Very popular, now in a new third edition with four pages added.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Al Capp at Bay

New York, Oct. 2—This is not a call to defend Al Capp. As the saying goes, he can take care of himself. But I note two recent reactions to him which are very interesting, insofar as they suggest that the Left makes no allowance for the right-wing bruiser. The accent is on "right wing." It is not the bruiser that they object to. When last did you hear a liberal complain of the tactics of Herblock? They give *him* prizes. Al Capp, who is not inaccurately described as a Herblock on the Right, is getting the business.

There is, for instance, a dear girl who writes for the *New Yorker* and the *Village Voice*, and I am not being sarcastic —I am extraordinarily fond of her, and admiring of her perceptions. But it is necessary to understand that ideologically she is orthodox, and when, a couple of weeks ago, she found herself at Sharon, Conn. covering the annual convention of the Young Americans for Freedom, it was apparently the singular ordeal of her young life to have had to listen to a speech by Al Capp.

"Al Capp," she wrote, "is a case of clap left over from a weekend in Havana's pre-Castro whorehouses. Looking like a filled-in pock mark in a brown suit, Al Capp assailed some American youths in front of some other American youths." Miss Long then went on to enumerate some of Mr. Capp's one-liners. The result was to make Al Capp sound very very flat, which he wasn't. He is a very considerable comedian and caricaturist. Only he is mocking people who do not wish to be mocked.

He takes great liberties, as caricaturists do: and many of those liberties are, in the technical sense, unfair. But that which is unfair is not necessarily unfunny, and Miss Long ought to know that. One student, during the question period, asked Capp what he thought of Senator Goodell: "Well you see," Capp said, "when Charles Goodell was appointed to the Senate, he decided to fashion his life after a great figure in American history. He pulled a book from his library. *The Life of Benedict Arnold*." Unfair? Yes. Funny? Yes. Another student asked Capp what he thought of the abortion laws. Thrusting his clenched fist into the air, looking for all the world like King Lear, Capp said, "What I want to know is, where were the abortion laws when we needed them most?"

My learned, beloved friend Garry Wills, who has taken to the Left with alcoholic gusto, has become quite a bruiser himself, and remarks about the speech given by Capp to the alumni at Princeton [*NR*, Sept. 22], that it demonstrates the great deterioration of Capp. He gives a few examples which, did I not know the author, would leave the reader wondering about his sense of humor; as if one were to come upon someone who complained that Mark Twain was going about telling implausible stories about jumping frogs.

WHAT MR. WILLS SEIZED UPON WAS Al Capp's insistence that at Kent State, those who were to be pitied were the young National Guardsmen, who had arrived on the scene, ordered there by the governor, to find a tumultuous situation not of their own making. "It would all be funny . . . pathetically absurd," comments Wills, "if Capp were as blind as a Wallace or an Agnew. Funny (and sad) to see a clown clapping mindlessly at a funeral. But Capp must be judged by Capp's standards—high ones. . . . Now we must pity him, as he becomes ever more despicably ludicrous."

Despicably ludicrous. Wow. That was the same speech in which Al Capp pointed out that during 1970 there were only two students who were afraid to appear at their graduation, namely Julie and David Eisenhower. And, then, the caricature: "The new lunacy now dominates the old ceremonies. It has made carnivals of commencements, so obscene that only the student hysterics and hyenas, the brawlers and the bed-wetters, the muggers and the arsonists, the criminals and the creeps, can safely attend them." That, alas, has enough of the truth in it to be less than ludicrous; and to tell the truth—in most situations—is not despicable.

I remember poor old Mort Sahl, who just didn't understand what hit him. He was the toast of the whole country, when his jokes were at the expense of President Eisenhower, and Nixon. But when John Kennedy became President, Mort Sahl continued to make jokes, poor thing. Nobody has heard of him since. □

VIVA EBAN

New York, Sept. 30—It happened that I was with Abba Eban, the Foreign Minister of Israel, walking into a television studio, surrounded by the plainclothesmen who follow Mr. Eban around, when an aide stopped us to say that the radio had just reported the death of President Nasser. Since Mr. Eban was the highest-ranking adversary of Nasser in the United States at that particular moment, he paused briefly to absorb the shock. I slipped off to telephone the *New York Times* to see if the report was correct (one always telephones the *New York Times* in emergencies. The State Department called the *New York Times*, back in 1956, to ask if it was true that Russian tanks were pouring into Budapest). I could tell from the commotion at the other end of the line that the report was true. Two minutes later, recording our discussion for television, Mr. Eban was matter-of-factly referring to "the late President Nasser." He is a cool one.

To be sure, his manner can be irritating. Israel was never ever wrong about anything. I thought it would get the interview moving to ask Mr. Eban to comment on a sentence written earlier this year by Mr. James Reston, to wit: "Israel appeals to justice and is not just to the Arab refugees. It asks for mercy and is merciless in attack. It cries for a decent order in the world and for peace among nations—yet scorns and even vilifies the United Nations which, despite obvious weaknesses, is the only instrument of international order and justice we have." Mr. Eban smiled, reminded me that no one has a "warmer understanding of Israel's position" than "Scotty Reston," dismissed the specific charges on a boys-will-be-boys basis, and went instantly into an attack on Arab intransigence.

Mr. Eban's point about the refugees

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reduces to the charge that the refugees are really the creatures of the Arab governments, insofar as the problem is a continuing problem. Because, he says, there is no reason why the refugees could not have been assimilated over the years, by the Arab states, which prefer instead to husband them in the great refugee camps as sources of animation for anti-Israel hostility. Mr. Eban is not particularly understanding of the point that the refugees desire not to go off and settle somewhere in east Jordan, or wherever, but to go back—in some cases not more than a few miles—to where they grew up. Mr. Eban says: Would you permit into your country a few hundred thousand people determined to destroy you? You reply, "But don't they want to destroy you simply because you refuse to permit them to come home? Wouldn't they cease wanting to destroy you if you permitted them to come home?" And the argument, of course, becomes moot.

On the most recent treachery by the Soviet Union, Mr. Eban is philosophical. He is wise enough not to expect anything from a Soviet promise. On the other hand, he believes that the United States took a reasonable gamble in accepting Soviet assurances. What he was trying to say is that where Russia is concerned, you can't even count on treachery. It is salutary, in any case, for us to have had this recent experience.

Mr. Eban was asked by a young panelist whether it was inconsistent for some Americans to take a bugout position on Vietnam, while being hawkish on Israel. He replied most thoughtfully, and at length. "The problem is not so much Vietnam; it's a broader question: What kind of America will exist. And there are two trends in American history: There is the trend toward responsibility and commitment—and there is the trend toward withdrawal and isolation. Those are the two currents in the history of American foreign policy. Now, if the argument is for withdrawal and for saying that it doesn't matter if a little country here goes under, then this can become an epidemic. And if you can say that a little country here can go under, a little country somewhere else can go under, and withdrawal becomes a habit. On the other hand, if there is a line of principle which says that if there are engagements for the protection of the independence of countries, these engagements must be honored to the fullest possible effective extent, then all small countries will be the beneficiaries of that approach. . . . I . . . understand those who say that if you want America to show a spirit of commitment and responsibility in one issue, then you should be careful not to take an attitude of withdrawal and folding up the tent in another."

And bringing the argument home: "There are [those] who believe that if the United States allowed Israel to be eliminated . . . nobody would have any trust in American security commitments anywhere else." "Like Vietnam?" I interrupted. "Yes, and Asia, Europe, Latin America," said Mr. Eban. "People would say, if you didn't care about Israel, why should you care about Berlin, or about the NATO countries or even about Latin America. So, there would be a complete collapse of the credibility of the American deterrent. And American security is based on that." Amen. □

ARE WE MOVING RIGHT?

New York, Oct. 9—They are saying that the country is moving right, and lo there are those who are sore afraid. I do believe that they are a superstitious lot, and that those who examine the meaning of the term—as used, for instance, by the Attorney General, or by the public whose political inclinations the *New York Times* is nowadays polling—will find it a good deal less spooky than they have been taught to expect.

"Right" can mean a good many things. In the context of what troubles American society at this point it means, primarily:

A stricter enforcement of the law. Granted, this will get in the way of the licentious habits of some of our priests (e.g., Berrigan), and poets (e.g., Lowell); but also it will restrain others, who tend to express their dissent from public policies by, e.g., blowing up buildings at the University of Wisconsin. Now: no one who believes in laws (and those who don't believe in them simply have to be domesticated) should object to the laws' enforcement. If there is a law that says that individual A must not impede individual B's access to the chemistry lab then, presumably, there is very little disagreement over the proposition that when individual A nevertheless proceeds to do just that, the police should be summoned, B should be restored his rights, and A should be punished according to the specifications of the law.

Now what troubles many liberals is less the prospect of deterring A than the proposed means of identifying and apprehending him. If A is clearly visible, standing guard over the entrance to the building, shotgun in hand, that is one thing. But suppose that A is the man who organized the blockade of the building; or the man who intimidated B over the telephone from even trying to get into the building; or the man who fired up the crowd which then proceeded, under the forensic impulse of what A said, to go to the barricades?

There you have problems, because typically the liberal resists extraordinary ways of finding and convicting the criminal, while the conservative, typically, believes that it is more important to find him than to countenance the victimization of B, or to permit his oppressors to go unpunished. The current debate over—for instance—the No Knock law, is of this character. One of the decisions of the Warren Court (*Massiah*) overruled the traditional arrangement by which the prosecution was permitted to introduce into evidence such proofs as it happened upon which were incriminating in nature. It was Judge Cardozo who had held, in an important decision in the Twenties, that it is more important to detect and to punish transgression, than to elaborate endlessly the abstract rights of the free citizen.

Now there is no denying that there are secondary, as well as primary, victims of almost any crime. The mugger not only aggresses against the old lady whom he knocks down in order to steal her purse. He also aggresses against all those other men, women and children who, knowing that the muggers patrol the streets, deny themselves the freedom of those streets. A few weeks ago, at a foreign airport, my bags were roundly examined: because it was suspected that a bomb was being introduced into the airplane in which I was to fly. There was certainly no doubting the diminution of my privacy—of my freedom, which is an aspect of my privacy—under the circumstances. In that sense the bomb-threatener has won a partial, and quite irrevocable, victory.

A turn to the right in American politics means, of course, many things, some others of which I propose to bring up in due course. But mostly they are talking about the prospective diminution of the privacy of secondary victims of current lawlessness. I join my brothers in the liberal camp in deploring the prospective losses, but I differ from them in believing that, on balance, the exchange is worth it. The important point is to grant to the state not one more ounce of power than it needs in order to return a net profit to the individual in the transaction. Governments are prehensile organisms that feast on the freedom of their citizens. But government is also, in the altogether desirable absence of vigilante justice, the single institution whose primary reason for being, is to protect the individual from his aggressive brother. Clearly, as things now stand, in an age when the individual American is threatened and intimidated by a lawless communion of professional and amateur thieves and revolutionists, a turn to the right is a turn toward the maximization of human liberty. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. American clergyman (1835-1893)
20 24 219 226 36 135

B. What the Architect of the Capitol does not have to be
31 202 191 121 47 98 157 69 119

C. A fall day on which millions will march
105 221 206 213 41 54 85 127 141 176
73 144 149

D. An expensive road
116 215 160 192 115 5 126

E. What a certain type of waterway is called
165 22 58 62 94 132 142 147 200 11
45 222

F. Unscramble MIKE POISE
172 89 70 55 199 114 182 76 140

G. One of our largest cities
197 82 118 133 167 103 122 4 9 30

H. A type of moth
95 8 57 90 99 104 113 136 154 179

I. An expensive counter
43 60 65 74 83 96 16 38

J. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
102 97 185 218 39 42 53 61 63 80
84 129 159 175 224 72

K. Brings to naught
128 212 156 186 28 78

L. One of our largest cities
148 12 71 106 194 27 37 68 204 220

M. Like the garbage man, he sees a lot of filth
169 44 100 117 120 131 151 7 25 33
51

N. Proficient
177 10 23 111 67 162

O. Having one impost or abutment higher than the other
6 21 29 86 91 13 56

P. Where unusual people sit and watch the crowds go by
181 217 203 163 171 145 75 170 137

Q. Site of a cathedral in England
183 50 123

R. Hastily or rashly energetic
225 188 174 138 164 143 2 18 153

S. President Wilson's private secretary
1 88 124 134 34 109 211

T. *Fixed exclusive attention on*
64 15 155 161 173 190 14 19 49 59
93 101

U. A scoundrel who might not work his will in court
112 216 193 32 166 26 189 146 205

V. Partly, but not fully, in existence or operation
35 210 48 92 195 178 110 40

W. A city near WORD G
77 3 46 66 108 130 150 184 196 201
208 214

X. A region in Spain (one form)
79 158 81 187 198 107 125 152 223 17
52

Y. The capital of a Central American nation
139 209 227 87 180 168 207

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1122 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 S	2 R		3 W		4 G	5 D	6 O	7 M	8 H		9 G	10 N	11 E	12 L	13 O	14 T		15 T
16 I	17 X		18 R	19 T	20 A	21 O	22 E		23 N	24 A	25 M	26 U	27 L	28 K	29 O	30 G		31 B	32 U
33 M		34 S	35 V	36 A	37 L		38 I	39 J	40 V		41 C	42 J	43 I	44 M	45 E	46 W	47 B	48 V	49 T
50 Q		51 M	52 X	53 J	54 C	55 F	56 O		57 H	58 E		59 T	60 I	61 J		62 E	63 J	64 T	65 I
66 W	67 N	68 L	69 B	70 F		71 L	72 J	73 C	74 I	75 P		76 F	77 W		78 K	79 X	80 J		81 X
82 G		83 I	84 J	85 C	86 O		87 Y	88 S	89 F	90 H		91 O	92 V	93 T	94 E	95 H		96 I	97 J
	98 B	99 H	100M		101T	102J	103G	104H		105C	106L		107X	108W	109S	110V	111N	112U	
113H	114F	115D		116D	117M	118G	119B		120M	121B	122G	123Q		124S	125X	126D		127C	128K
129J		130W	131M	132E	133G	134S	135A	136H		137P	138R		139Y	140F	141C		142E	143R	144C
	145P	146U	147E	148L	149C	150W	151M	152X	153R		154H	155T	156K		157B	158X	159J	160D	161T
162N	163P	164R	165E	166U	167G	168Y		169M	170P		171P	172F	173T	174R		175J	176C	177N	178V
179H		180Y	181P		182F	183Q	184W	185J	186K	187X	188R	189U	190T	191B	192D		193U	194L	195V
196W	197G	198X	199F	200E		201W	202B	203P		204L	205U	206C	207Y	208W		209Y	210V	211S	
212K	213C	214W	215D	216U	217P		218J	219A		220L	221C	222E	223X	224J	225R	226A	227Y		

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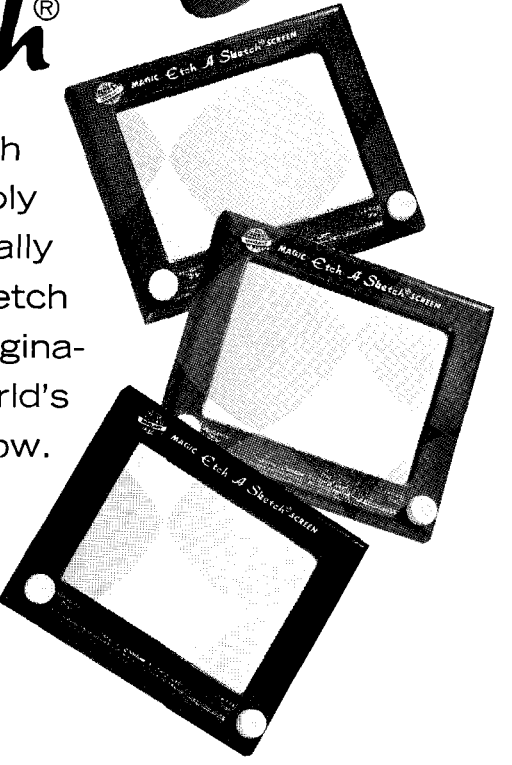

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